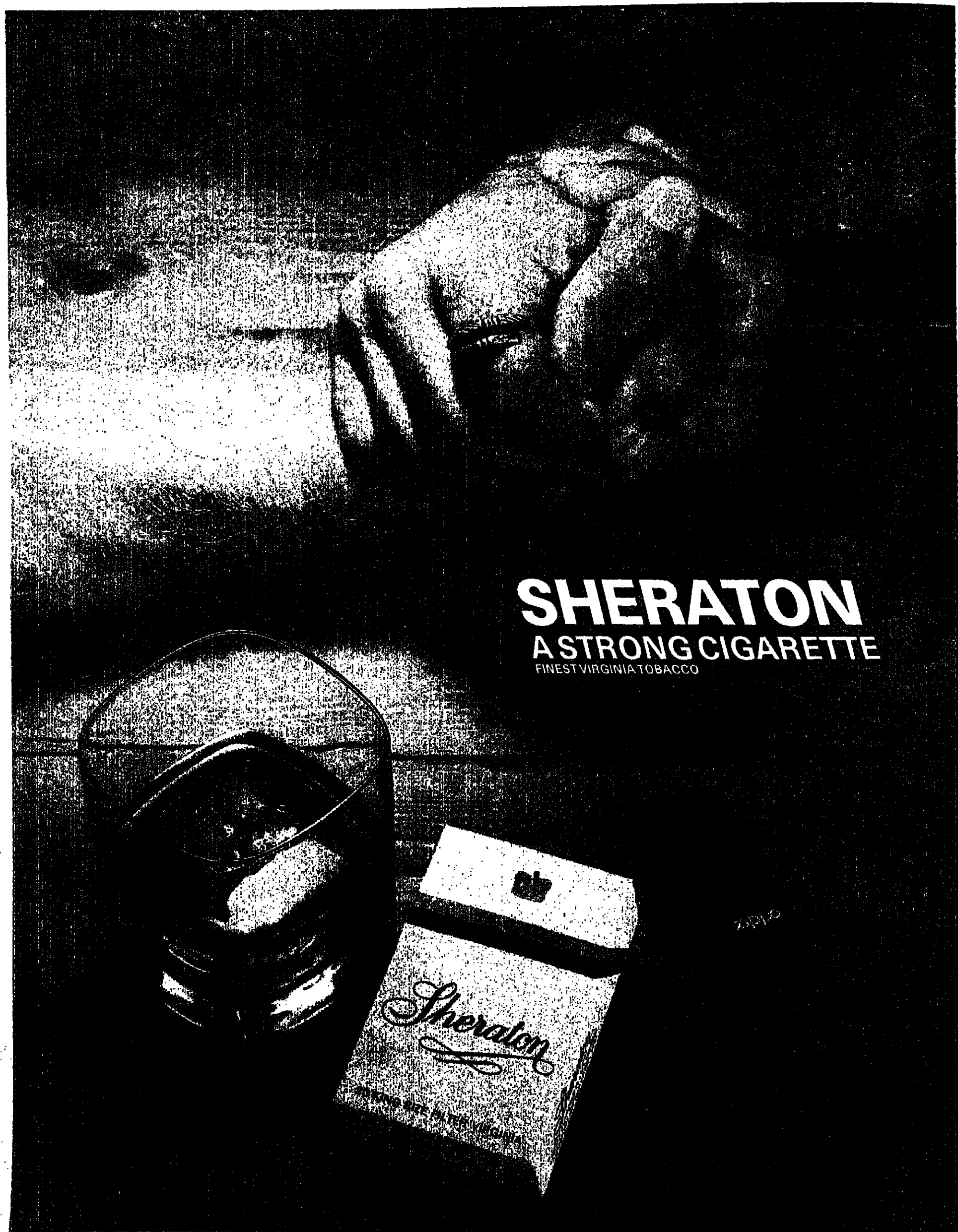




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FINEST VIRGINIA TOBACCO

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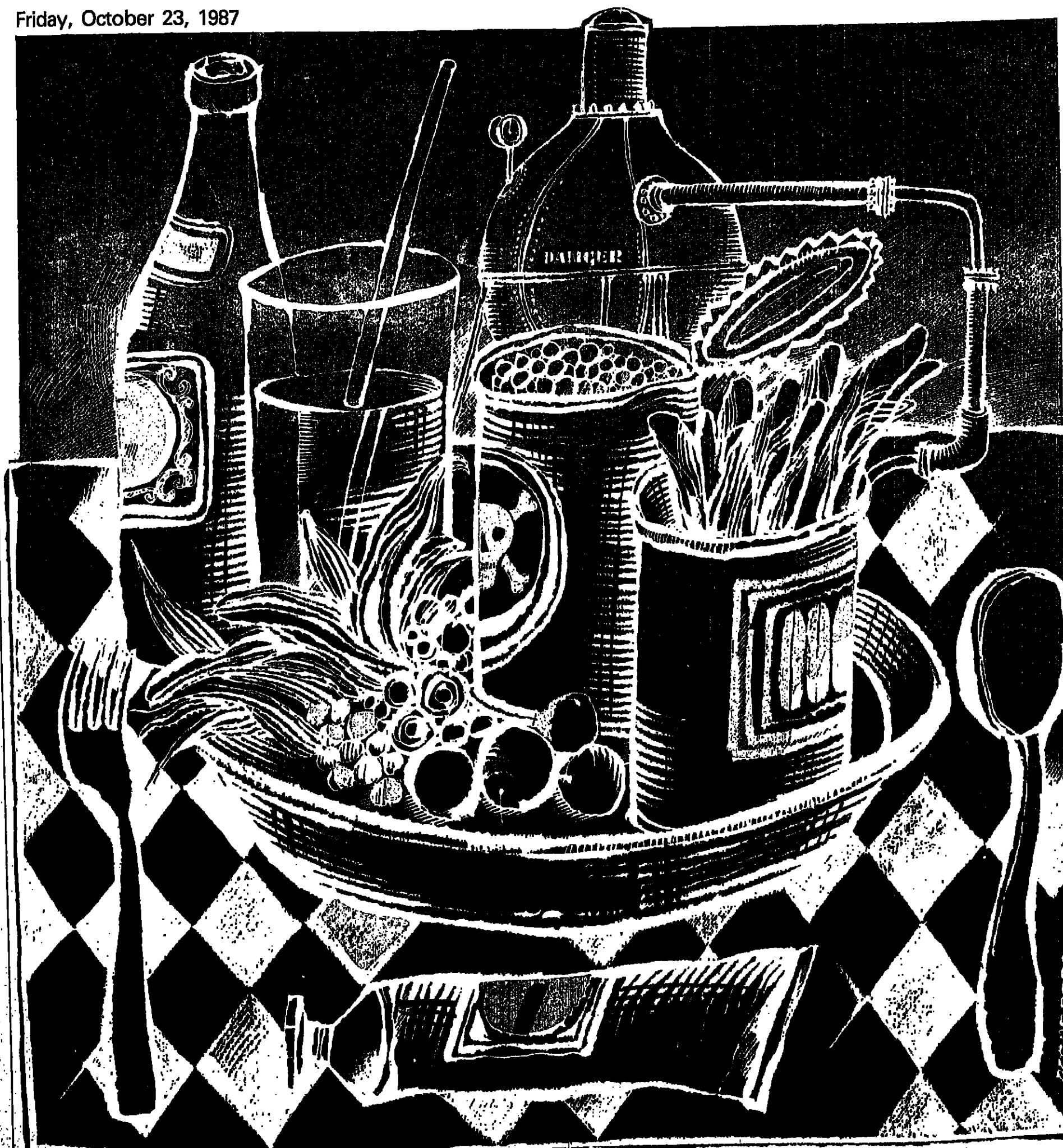
ADMON

WEEKEND

The Jerusalem Post Magazine

Food for thought

Friday, October 23, 1987



מקרא מן האכל

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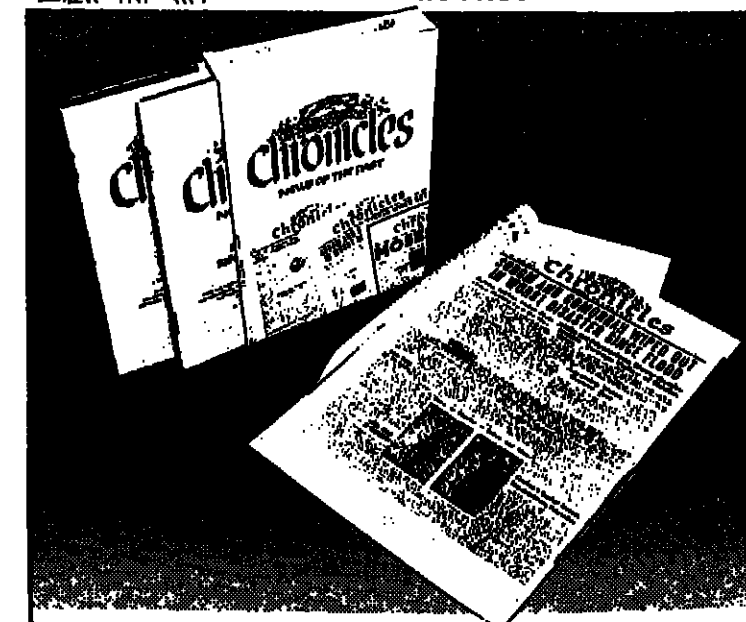
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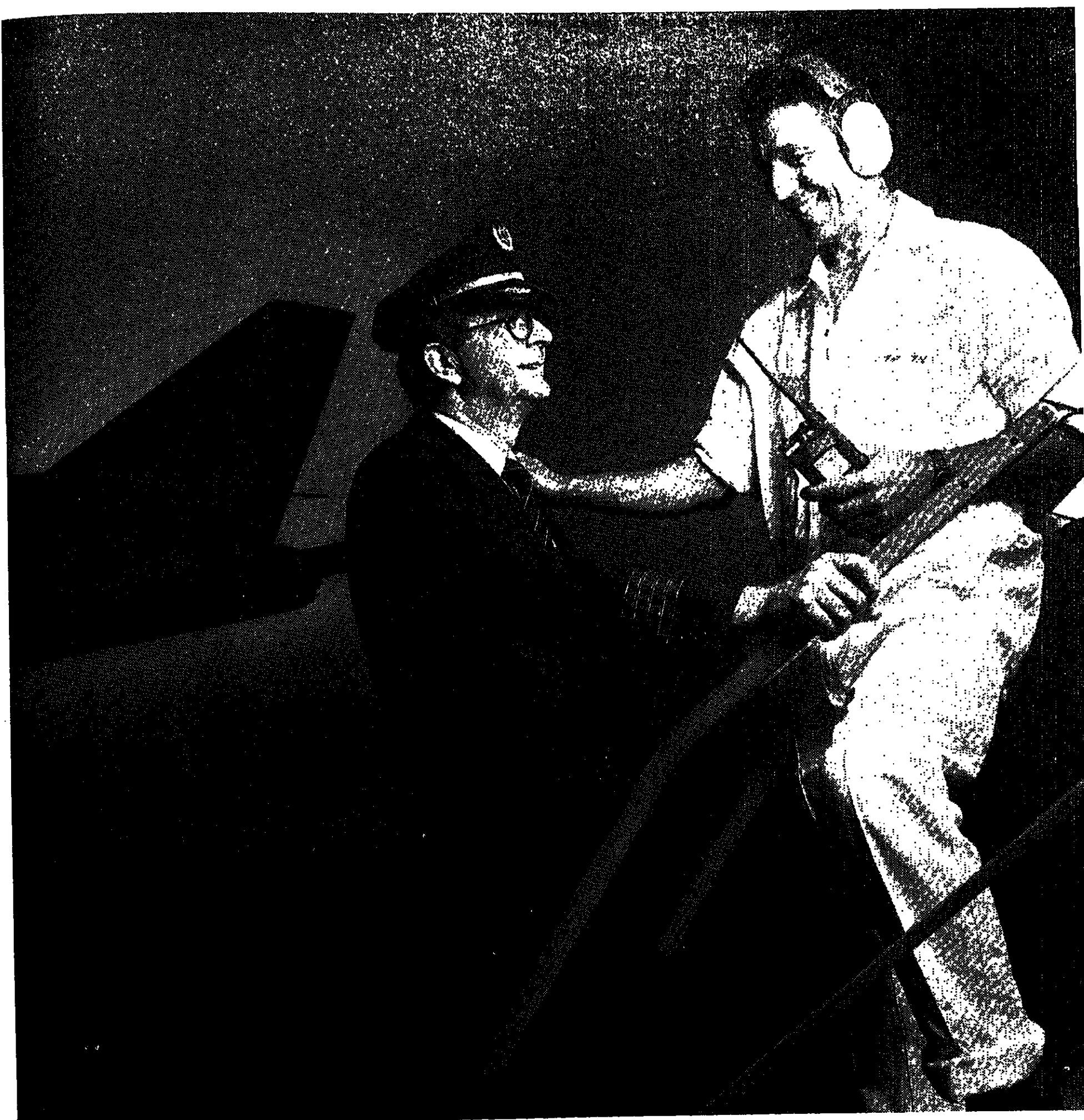
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הכרזה מן האל

THIRSTY? Try a nice glass of water, sugar, carbon dioxide, citric acid, orange flavourings, food colourings—sunset yellow (CF) and Tartrazine—and preservatives.

Need a break from work? Fill your mug with water, dehydrated onion, edible starch, maltodextrin, salt, wheat flour, hydrolyzed vegetable protein, monosodium glutamate, sugar, vegetable fat, citric acid, caramel food colour, spices, and flavourings. For a quick dessert, top a fruit salad with milk, sugar, hydrogenated vegetable oil, edible starch, vegetable emulsifiers and stabilizers, flavourings and food colouring.

You almost need a doctorate in chemistry to figure out that you've had a snack of Tempo orange-flavoured drink, Telma instant onion soup and fruit salad covered with Osem Instant Creamwhip. Unless you live on a vegetarian moshav or you buy all your produce and groceries in a health food store instead of a supermarket, you can't escape all the artificial food colourings, flavourings, preservatives and "taste enhancers" that are added to what you eat.

Are they bad for you? It depends on whom you ask. The Norwegian government, believing that its citizens will be healthier without them, has banned all artificial food colourings, forcing companies to find alternative natural food colourings or to produce pale-looking food. But few other countries have gone so far.

Our own Health Ministry says it religiously follows the lead of the World Health Organization, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and various European food-testing agencies. It now permits the use of only natural food colours, most of them derived from plants, and of just seven synthetic colours and their combinations.

The permitted artificial colours are Ponceau 4R or E-124 (red), Azorubine or E-122 (red), Erythrosine or E-127 (red), Indigotine or E-132 (blue), Tartrazine or E102 (yellow), brilliant blue FCF, and sunset yellow PCF or E-110. There were many more in previous decades, but the import, manufacture or sale of foods with those colourings were banned after health experts found they caused allergic reactions or were suspected of being carcinogenic. But the number of permissible food additives, preservatives and taste enhancers runs into the hundreds or even thousands, although the purity of these and the amount that can be added are strictly limited by government standards.

The British Agriculture Ministry stated recently that seven per cent of England's population react badly to various permissible artificial food colourings and preservatives. An author named Maurice Hansson, one of the British food industry's most-feared critics, has sold half a million copies of his book, *E for Additives*, about the health danger of additives in everything from wine to animal feed.

HIS ISRAELI enfant terrible counterpart, Dr. Jerry Westin of the medical ecology department of the Hebrew University-Hadassah Medical School in Jerusalem, and a former top official of the Health Ministry's food control administration, sounds dire warnings about the health dangers of these additives. Years ago, he sounded an alarm about alleged radioactivity in milk. No one paid much attention.

Recently, however, after leaving the ministry, he took officials to task for allowing the sale of rubber baby pacifiers and bottle nipples that contained nitrosamine, a recognized



A QUESTION OF COLOUR

Chemical food additives and colourings are a thorny point of dissension between health ministries and health food enthusiasts. Health Reporter Judy Siegel-Itzkovich investigates.

cause of cancer. In this case, however, the ministry purchased a \$50,000 nitrosamine-testing machine and began checking all local and imported pacifiers and bottle nipples.

Westin wrote an article on food additives in a recent issue of Kupat Holim Cholim's *Eitanim* health magazine that claimed that at least two of the permitted food colours—brilliant blue and erythrosine—are "proven carcinogens." He also maintains that "pressure from the food industry" has resulted in the ministry standing by the status quo. While other food additives can be "even more dangerous" than artificial colours, at least "they can be seen," says Westin, so the public knows they are there.

In the article, whose original was considerably cut and toned down by the *Eitanim* editors, Westin also maintained that the U.S. Food and Drug Administration is under tremendous pressures from American food manufacturers, and that it "proposed plans 12 times" to outlaw

erythrosine but backed away at the last minute.

Asked about Westin, Osem managing director Dan Propper was very familiar with his claims and arguments, and in a conversation with *The Jerusalem Post* he dismissed them out of hand.

"His views are very unconventional and I don't accept them. If he published such charges about the FDA in the U.S., he would be sure to have a lawsuit on his hands." As for Westin's success with baby pacifiers, Propper declared: "Anyone can be right once out of 100 times."

Whether Westin's claims are based in fact or not, the Israeli consumer is slowly but surely looking for more natural foods than a decade ago. Sales of natural fruit juices and bottled mineral water are booming, although manufacturers of sweetened, artificially coloured and flavoured water and Tartrazine-stained pasta have no reason to complain about business. Health food stores are constantly growing

in number and customers, but the makers of junk food are, at the same time, counting their millions.

Dr. Yosef Marzouk, director of the Health Ministry's Institute for Pharmaceutical Standards and Control in Jerusalem, takes a more moderate approach. The Egyptian-born graduate in microbiology and environmental sciences, who also teaches pharmaceutical testing in the Hebrew University-Hadassah School of Pharmacy, says that he personally would favour a ban on all synthetic food colourings, like that in Norway.

"After all, the colour is not necessary for the taste or the long shelf life of the product," he says in his Russian Compound office, adding that he doesn't believe that the government would institute such a ban, or that the public would go along with it.

Who doesn't notice the yellow colour (tartrazine) that drains out of noodles after they've been cooked? Yet few people seem to think about

it. According to Dr. Marzouk, some people are allergic to this artificial colour, and they will break out in a rash or even have breathing difficulties if they consume it. Because of these allergies, a few years ago the government required all companies to list specifically what food colourings have been added.

The yellow colour, say noodle manufacturers like Osem, is necessary because the consumers won't buy white noodles. Propper says that Osem manufactures some noodles without artificial colour; they are made of higher-quality durum wheat which produces its own colour, but which are more expensive than ordinary pasta. Other, smaller companies make pasta with ordinary flour and no colourings, but their pale countenance on the supermarket shelf or their higher prices (why should it cost more if it has one ingredient less?) do not attract many buyers.

Dr. Marzouk says that the appearance of a food has a great influence on the consumer.

ence on the consumer.

"People don't like to cook a chicken in a microwave oven because without the new browning feature, it comes out pale and looks as if it weren't done. People think they're getting eggs in noodles, but there probably aren't any. And if there were eggs, the egg-yolks in Israel are so light-coloured that they wouldn't add any colour to the finished product."

The coordinator of the Health Ministry committee that decides which artificial colours and other additives will be permitted, Marzouk notes that the Israeli committee usually follows World Health Organization and other European leads on food additives, and less so the American FDA.

"Here, we have strict limits on the use of saccharine, but in the U.S., it is much less restricted," he says.

Sipping natural apple juice, Marzouk pooch-pooches Westin's "extreme views," but inadvertently agrees that food-company lobbying could affect government guidelines.

His institute is charged with the anonymous and generally thankless task of checking all locally made and imported foods (and pharmaceuticals) for dangerous chemicals, additives and toxins produced by fungi in improperly stored raw materials that can cause serious health problems. The chemists and microbiologists in the 110-year-old building not only test what has been added to the food, but also in what concentration and whether it is pure or impure.

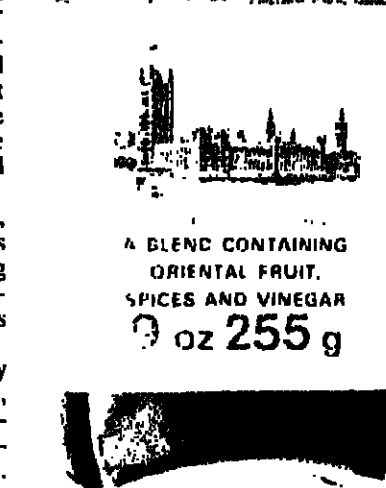
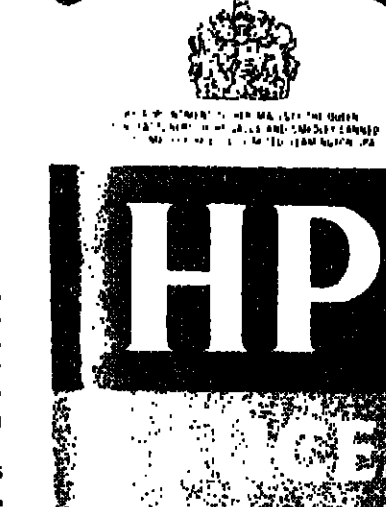
The lab has found food additives that have been adulterated abroad, where they are manufactured, or here with sugar or other cheap ingredients. It is especially on guard when checking foods from the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, where some manufacturers—especially the smaller ones—may use illegal food colourings and preservatives.

"The big companies, like 7-Up, are careful about observing Israel's regulations," Marzouk says, adding that even companies in the territories must strictly observe Israel's rules about additives.

He urges consumers to buy only from recognized food companies, whether inside Israel or in the territories, and not to be lured by bargain prices from unknown firms. Some of these companies may be using illegal food additives or legal ones in unacceptable concentrations.

IF THERE ARE natural food colourings, dried powders and liquid concentrates from flowers and plants, like chlorophyll, why do we need synthetic ones? Miriam Tucker, one of the Health Ministry lab staffers who checks food colourings, explains that natural colours are unstable over long periods of time or at high temperatures. If a naturally-coloured soft drink sits outside a grocery in the sun, it can turn colour and even break down into different constituents, besides looking unappealing. Synthetic colours, on the other hand, are stable under most conditions and are thus preferred by the food industry.

Tucker says that her lab pays special attention to soft drinks because Israel is a hot country and people consume much greater quantities of food colourings and other additives in these liquids (although drinking plain water is better for you, says the ministry) than they do in the occasional candy or ice cream. She and her colleagues also test foods that are artificially sweetened by aspartame, a compound whose use is strictly limited. Vitamins added to fortified baby foods, like powdered milks and cereals, are also checked.



Imported or locally made, all food products have to be checked for dangerous chemicals, additives and toxins.

She is pleased that manufacturers now have to list food colourings specifically on their labels and that, according to earlier regulations, a grape-flavoured drink, for example, has to be labelled as that and not as "grape juice."

Tucker would like to see, however, a requirement of using the name of the artificial colour on the label, rather than just a numbered code that no consumer can remember. In addition, she says, the consumer organizations should try to educate the public about exactly which additives are legal and which are not.

DR. VARDA UZIELI, a microbiologist, chemist and pharmacist who heads one of the labs, says that at home, she prefers to feed her family with food that is as natural as possible and with a minimum of artificial additives.

"I much prefer natural juice to all the bottled drinks," says Dr. Uziel, who has been at the ministry labs for eight years. "But what the Health Ministry approves for consumption is OK. If every artificial ingredient were banned, there would be no end to such things. What would there be left to eat? If preservatives were prohibited, most of the convenience foods that everyone today takes for

granted would disappear from the shelves. Prepared salads, for example, couldn't last for more than a couple of days in your refrigerator without preservatives."

The presence of the additives is determined by the lab workers with an expensive, computerized device called the HPLC. Until it was purchased by the ministry, all of the tests and calculations had to be done by hand.

In one lab, a dungeon-like room overlooking Jaffa Road, samples of candies, liqueurs and other items are checked. Hard candies made by a West Bank company are crushed and dissolved in water, and then the food colouring is separated from other ingredients with chromatography.

The colour stain on a specially treated piece of paper is compared with the standard stain made by the legal food colours. In this case, the colouring—FD&C red—is illegal and found in high concentrations.

A *creme de banana* liqueur manufactured by one of Israel's biggest spirit manufacturers is found to have the legal sunset yellow colour; however, no mention of the colour is made on the label and this could be dangerous to people who are sensitive to it. The lab staffers say that as a result of the test, the manufacturer

will receive a stern letter from the ministry instructing him to list all additives. Fines may follow if the problem is not corrected.

Dr. Fernanda Grauer, a 13-year veteran at the lab with a PhD in chemistry, says that she and her colleagues have frequently found foods with as much as three times the amount of preservative legally allowed by the authorities. In some cases, these were added by the manufacturers; in other cases, preservatives—including nitrates that can be dangerous to health in excessive amounts—are added by shop or stall owners who want their salads to last longer.

Children, she adds, can be more susceptible to reactions to these additives because as their bodies are smaller, the additives add up, and because youngsters tend to gorge themselves on junk food. While she approves of the government standards, she too, personally, tries to serve as little as possible of artificially-coloured and preserved foods to her family.

Asked about this, Dan Propper, the Osem chief, maintains that his giant company carefully meets not only the Israeli standards for additives but also those of the U.S., England and other countries: "We export to these countries, so we

must meet all of their requirements."

Propper adds that the U.S. FDA is "very strict" and that "if it does not see a health danger in the legal additives, we shouldn't worry about it. If they have any doubts about something, they ban it."

Within these legal limits, Osem "tries to give the public what it wants. Most ice creams—which we don't produce—are made with artificial colours and preservatives. What child will want to eat candy that is clear or white-coloured?"

PROPPER, himself a food engineer, calls the Norwegian government's decision to ban all artificial flavours as "lacking sense." The food colourings have been "around for many, many years. They are safer than the air we breathe or even some natural foods. If they caused cancer, they would have been prohibited. Israel's health is at least as protected as that of the American, Swiss or West German citizen, for example. Salt is also not good for your health, so should salt additives be prohibited in prepared foods as well? This is all very unrealistic."

Telma, another Israeli food giant that makes everything from mayonnaise and breakfast cereal to margarine and bagged snacks, takes a similar line. Shoshana Oref, head of the quality-control department of the Haifa-based firm, says that in general, it uses artificial additives only when necessary and when a natural one is not suitable. "Whatever can be processed without preservatives is done that way, but most things won't have an adequate shelf life if they have none. How would our salads last without preservatives?"

But she concedes that over the past few years, there has been a trend in all local companies to add fewer artificial ingredients.

"We used to put Tartrazine in our mustard, but we found that we can use ground-up mustard seed to produce the right colour instead," she says, giving just one example. Telma stopped using Tartrazine on its own, even though it is legal, and substituted Carotene, a natural derivative, for it.

But products lacking artificial colour just won't sell, she says.

"Telma is also interested in making a profit. It is the task of the consumer organizations to educate the public if they decide that it is better to buy products with no artificial additives."

If the Israeli government decided one day to adopt the Norwegian practice, stopping the use of all artificial colours, "it would just be a very difficult thing to carry out." But Oref herself, who studied for several years in the U.S. and was "influenced by the all-natural food commercials there," says that she serves homemade, natural menus as much as possible.

Since a growing number of Israelis are adopting this American "fad," it might be reasonable for food companies here to offer two types of each food they manufacture, one with artificial colourings for those that want it, and one with no artificial additives. The consumer may be fairly uneducated about food and health, but he is not an idiot.

Such consciousness should be prompted by the consumer organizations, the media and the medical profession, who in a joint campaign could explain that health dangers of artificial substances are often discovered decades after they were introduced. If such additives are not absolutely critical to the manufacture and the stability of the product, why not get rid of them? □

YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH THE MESSIAH

SINCE it was reviewed in *The Jerusalem Post* in June, the Camer Theatre production of Motti Lerner's *Hevlei Mashiah* (Pangs of the Messiah) has become something of a political and cultural event. Performances of the play have been followed by lively debates in both Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, high school classes have attended day-time performances, preceded by lectures and followed by discussions; the work has been praised or reviled in the cafes of Rehov Dizengoff and the Gush Emunim settlements in Samaria.

"It is no secret that I am politically opposed to Gush Emunim," says Lerner, "but I aimed to write about real people in a real situation. I did not want to demonize the settlers or reduce them to caricatures."

"I think Motti has succeeded in avoiding stereotypes," says Yisrael Harel, chairman of the Council of Jewish Settlements in Judea, Samaria and Gaza. "The figures are real enough, but of course the play presents the author's subjective view of the situation."

The play, it will be recalled, is set in a West Bank settlement some time in the near future, when a peace agreement with Jordan seems imminent, and the settlers mobilize to counter what they see as a threat to their future.

The author focuses his microscope on eight characters, the members of two related families in the settlement. The prime minister, the local IDF commander and others are at the end of the phone line; the local Arab villagers are mentioned; but the entire context of the play is Gush Emunim and the settlement movement. The situation is seen through their eyes and the discussion is held on their terms.

The right of the Jewish people to the entire land of Israel is axiomatic; the obligation to settle the land is not in dispute; the argument concerns only the means which are permissible to secure the desired ends.

Thus, Shmuel Berger the settlers' leader (beautifully portrayed by Oded Teomi) who represents the moderate, humane wing of Gush Emunim, and who is genuinely appalled by the actions of the Jewish underground, tells the local IDF commander, who has started to move his troops and equipment out of the base:

"If you abandon us, don't be surprised when we defend ourselves. Don't talk to me about conscience: where was your conscience when you carried out the order to withdraw. It was an immoral order and you should have refused to obey it!"

He is prepared to go to extreme lengths to torpedo an agreement that will re-divide the Land of Israel. He unflinchingly sends young children and pregnant women to lie down in the road in front of army trucks and personnel-carriers to prevent them from leaving, telling his own daughter (in her eighth month of pregnancy) that it is her "privilege" to take part in the demonstration.

And yet, when his son-in-law Benny, a former member of the underground, takes part in blowing up the Moslem shrines on the Temple Mount, which foils the signing of the peace treaty, he is shattered and disillusioned. (see box.)

In the highly-charged, climactic argument between the two, it is Benny, acted with chilling credibility by Yigal Naor, whose words carry the most conviction, and the message is terrifyingly clear: once the norms of social and legal conduct

Belief in divine redemption can be very dangerous when combined with political activism, says playwright Motti Lerner, whose dramatic play on the subject has become a focus of public discussion. Daniel Gavron reports.



(Inset) Playwright Lerner, plus scene from 'Hevlei Mashiah'. "I aimed to write about real people in a real situation."

are violated, there is no limit to where it will end. The ideology of Gush Emunim leads inevitably and remorselessly to the actions of the Jewish underground. The moderates have not only lost control, they have lost the argument, and they do not really have anything to say.

IT IS THIS central theme of Lerner's that Yisrael Harel, one of the leading moderates of the settlement movement, so hotly disputes. "The underground was not inevitable," he argues. "It was an episode. If it had been inevitable, all of us would have been in it—not just 27 people."

At the time of their arrest, Harel spoke out strongly against the actions of the underground members, and he still condemns them; but he denies that there really was an underground. There was no movement aiming to overthrow the government, he says. On the contrary, the members thought that they were strengthening the government against Arab terrorism.

"They were wrong, and I said they were wrong," he reiterates. "Their actions did undermine government authority; but that was not their aim."

Harel describes them as "vengeance groups," and ventures the suggestion that, in similar circumstances, Galilee residents would have been more extreme in their reactions. If there had been as many Arab terrorist acts in Galilee as there were in Judea and Samaria in the period leading up to the underground, vigilante groups would have been formed and they would have carried out more acts of revenge than the West Bank settlers did.

He makes a distinction between the underground and the group that planned to blow up the Moslem shrines on the Temple Mount, referring to it as "the craziness of one individual."

Could it happen again? Harel believes not, although he admits that he cannot be entirely certain. The appearance of the underground was traumatic for the settlers, he insists, more so than outsiders realize. It was an "infection." He hopes it will not recur.

Motti Lerner is not convinced. He believes that Gush moderates, like Harel, Hanan Porat and Yoel Bin-Nun, are deluding themselves and failing to meet the challenge posed by the extremists.

"Just think for a moment what those people did," he exclaims. "They broke into an IDF store on the Golan, disarmed mines (which were intended to halt a Syrian advance) by extracting the explosives, and took them to blow up the Temple Mount shrines. Another group entered the Islamic College in Hebron and fired indiscriminately. These things really happened. They are not the products of my imagination!"

Lerner, 38, was born in Zichron Ya'acov and studied mathematics at the Hebrew University, before switching to theatre. Studies in England and the U.S. were followed by five years producing and directing at Jerusalem's Khan Theatre, before leaving to write full-time. His first play, *Kasner*, was, like the current one, produced by the Camer.

Hevlei Mashiah took two years to write and, in the programme notes Lerner thanks Harel, Porat and Bin-Nun, among others, for "assisting during the writing and rehearsing of the play." The author conducted

long interviews with many settlers in their settlements, and spent a lot of time reading both *Nekuda*, the settlers' journal, and the local papers of the different communities. The local publications, in particular, were an invaluable source of detail on the problems of everyday life in the settlements.

"I tried to see things through their eyes," says Lerner. "The actors also met with settlers and a dialogue developed. All of us were concerned to paint a true picture. I did not want to diminish the settlers by satirizing them. I feel that, if I diminish them, I diminish myself as their opponent."

Not all the settler representatives are as kind to Lerner's play as Harel. The playwright has been accused of "creating vulgar stereotypes," and of "hitting below the belt."

Lerner rejects these accusations. He deliberately created his main character as a moderate, "a decent, honest, enlightened man and a good Jew." This, he feels, is the paradox of the settlement movement: not only did reasonable, intelligent people create the movement that spawned the underground; but they refuse to acknowledge their creation or really oppose it.

IN THE discussion following the performance at the Jerusalem Theatre recently, Yehoshua Altman, former secretary of the Bnei Akiva religious youth movement and a resident of Kfar Etzion, admitted that "none of the leaders of our movement—except Hanan Porat and Yoel Bin-Nun—have tried to give us answers." This, he intimated, left a leadership gap, which could be filled by extremists.

Porat, who was also a participant in the discussion, seemed less assured than in the old days. After some talking around the subject, he made one categorical statement: "We are all resolved that—no matter what happens—there will not be a civil war." But, asked whether he was speaking for anyone apart from himself, his answer that he represented the consensus was far from confident.

Harel freely admits that he sees "a small kernel" in almost every settlement that would resist evacuation by force. There could be clashes, he concedes, but he doesn't think it will come to that.

He faults Lerner for the picture drawn in the play, in which the elected leaders of the settlers continue to lead in the crisis. If a showdown approached, the struggle would be conducted by a "spontaneous leadership," as happened in Sinai, he suggests. Harel stresses that this leadership would not necessarily be more extreme, "but they will need someone more charismatic than me."

Harel does not see himself in the character of Berger; but he admits that there are "bits of me, bits of Hanan, some of Yoel Bin-Nun. Motti succeeded in creating a composite character." He does not think that any Israeli leadership will agree to evacuate settlements. "At most there might be a confederation with shared sovereignty and the settlements in place. If that happened, it would be our real test: we would have to try to live with that."

However he is confident that even this will never happen. The Arab side, won't accept an agreement without Jerusalem, and therefore there won't be one, he thinks. In theory, he still favours simultaneous annexation with full civil autonomy for the Arabs of the territories; but he is against immediate annexation. "I am for peaceful competition

An extract from *Hevlei Mashiah*

(Settlers' leader Shmuel Berger has just discovered that his son-in-law Benny was involved in blowing up the shrines on the Temple Mount; Berger threatens to inform on him.)

BENNY: My craziness? If it is just my craziness, why doesn't he phone the police? Why doesn't he turn me in? Tell them why you are not phoning, Shmuel.

SHMUEL: So whose craziness is it? Mine? How did you dare to do such a terrible thing? Are you a human being at all? Have you a brain? A heart? There can be no forgiveness. Not from me. Master of the Universe, I swear that I will have nothing to do with him. Never, never. Wherever you flee, I will hunt you down. Don't you dare speak to my daughter—or her children. I swear...

...behind my back...to change the order of creation...to force a war on the entire world. No punishment will expiate this. No punishment, I have no alternative. Ha-vale, but to exorcise this evil from you. Whoever rebels against the kingdom must die.

(He goes to the phone.)
BENNY: Go ahead.
(Shmuel sits with the phone in his hand; but he does not dial.)
He won't dial. If he really believed what he said, he'd have rung the police a long time ago. You know that, deep down, you justify what I did. That's why you aren't phoning.

BENNY: I'm quoting your very words. You know that this war is a just war. Shmuel, there is no difference between this war and our other wars. You yourself said that our victories were a sign of redemption. You know that it is permissible to rebel against the kingdom in order to perform a higher commandment—that the purification of the Temple Mount is exact-

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Oded Teomi plays Shmuel Berger.



Yigal Naor plays Benny.

words. We settled here to cause an awakening below, which would help an awakening above, which would bring redemption. Not because the government wanted it; but because the Almighty wanted it. You called on us to follow you to do His will, and not to desist until the coming of redemption.

SHMUEL: Master of the Universe, did we settle here to force the Almighty to bring redemption? To force him? I never had such blasphemous thoughts. How does a Jew dare to say that we should not desist? That is not our Torah; that is blasphemy. Everything is in His hands. Everything is done according to His will. God's will is concealed from us. Who can look

behind the curtain? Who? BENNY: Only this morning you told me that we did not have to spell everything out, that in a moment of despair we would try everything to shake the foundations to prevent a disastrous decision, and you meant what you said. This time I won't remain silent.

SHMUEL: To shake the foundations with dynamite? With prayer, with persuasion. Little by little, step by step. We came here to perform the commandment of settling the land. If, because of that, this crime was committed, if because of carrying out this commandment, all that blood will be split, we were wrong to come here, we should never have settled here at all!

(Translated by Daniel Gavron.)
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ly that sort of commandment. And what did we do when we opposed that evil peace accord? Didn't we carry out a commandment? When you called on us to come and to settle here, we followed you and carried out the commandment—the commandment of settling the land—although we knew we were rebelling against the kingdom. And you knew it. If that's the case, all of us deserve to die, as you said. All of us, including you.

SHMUEL: That's not right. You are deviating from my path. You are distorting my words. We did not revolt against the kingdom. Definitely not. A majority of the people wanted us to settle here, and the government also wanted it.

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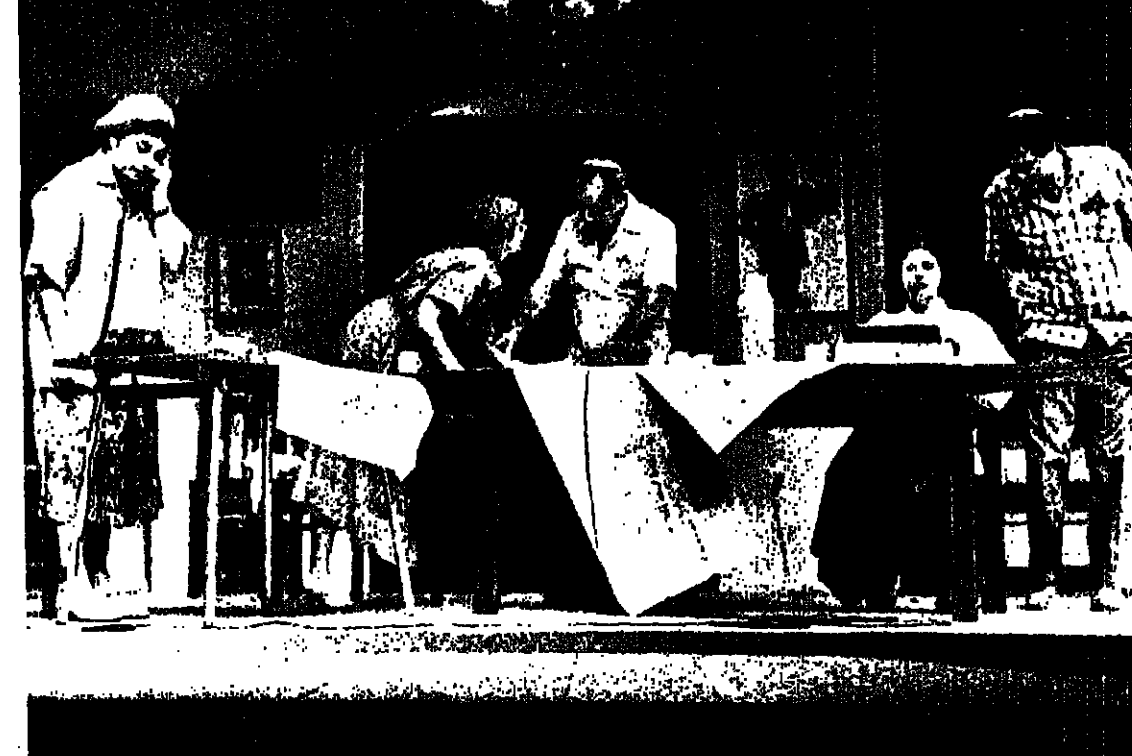
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is the belief in messianic redemption. "If you believe that God is on your side, you can do anything. You can't argue with the Messiah. I am really afraid of these people. I think we should all be. They aren't just dreamers; they take action and they will stop at nothing. Why should you stop when you know you have God's support?"

Last week, he says, he met a settler who told him that he would not be surprised if someone tried a "kamikaze" action to blow up one of the Temple Mount shrines, smuggling in explosives on his person, and blowing up the building with himself. "One crazy person could do an awful lot of harm," he says. "Read their publications, there is still a lot of extremist talk."

He mentions Rabbi Ya'acov Reines, the founder of the Miznichi religious Zionist movement, who said that Zionism was a political movement, which aimed to improve the lot of the Jewish people—not the start of the redemption. It was Rabbi Avraham Yitzhak Kook who spoke of the start of the redemption.

Religious Zionists should return to the path of Reines and found a new movement in place of Gush Emunim, with a less dangerous ideology. This, suggests Lerner, is a challenge for the Gush moderates.

He believes that Gush mentor Rabbi Zvi Yehuda Kook, the son of Avraham Yitzhak, would have been a moderating influence on the movement had he lived. He notes that Kook, who died before the withdrawal from Sinai, had been opposed to the "movement against withdrawal." He had told its leaders that the people were not with them.

When this was put to Harel he pointed out that Reines never saw the Land of Israel. The elder Kook saw the kibbutz pioneers as heralding redemption, but he was speaking "as a poet, rather than as a religious or political leader."

Harel rejects the thesis that extremists are increasingly influential in the settlement movement, pointing out that he was re-elected to his current position after condemning the underground.

The creation of the State of Israel can be seen as redemption, says Harel, but redemption in terms any secularist can accept. He notes that the prayer for the state, recited in synagogues every Shabbat speaks of the "beginning of redemption," and that it was written by Shai Agnon, "a religious man, but a rational person if ever there was one."

"We've built a state, a shelter for the Jewish people, an army, an economy, towns, villages—isn't that redemption?"

Harel insists that he is more rational and less messianic than the pioneers of the 1920s and 1930s. "I have more reason to believe in the success of our enterprise than they did," he maintains. He also promises that he and his movement will play by the rules and not break acceptable norms.

"We want the Jewish people to be with us," he concludes. "If we don't have their support, our achievements are worthless. We see ourselves as being a couple of steps ahead of the rest of you, that's all. We've gone up on the mountain; but we want to maintain firm links with the plain."

Lerner is not consoled. At one of the recent school discussions on *Hevlei Mashiah*, with the participation of Knesset Member Yossi Sarid, a Gush supporter told the MK: "You and your PLO friends will bring a calamity on Israel."

In the overheated atmosphere of messianic redemption, says Lerner, such a statement could be a licence to kill.

HARRY FISHMAN remembers well the heyday of the Jewish East End, when the side streets branching off Brick Lane held two or three synagogues each, and hundreds of children studied the King's English at the original Jewish Free School by day while their parents attended the Joseph Hessler's Yiddish Theatre by night.

An estimated 130,000 Jews lived in the few square miles around Whitechapel at the turn of the century, their numbers gradually dwindling away over two world wars, and their descendants moving north and west in the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies, to Golders Green, Stamford Hill and Ilford.

Now Harry Fishman is one of very few Jews left. He stands obstinately in his decaying confectionery shop, peddling lemon sherbets to the children of the Bangladeshi and Bengali traders who have taken over the East End rag trade, burying *mezzuzot* under layers of paint, converting synagogues into mosques.

He's only there at all because he's so stubborn. Tower Hamlets council wants to knock his building down, but they've only offered him £25,000 to move. Ignoring three young customers, Harry noshes his own ice cream and insists that he's not moving until they give him some more *gelt*. At 79, though, he admits that time is not exactly on his side.

Fishman's wasn't always a sweet shop. When Harry's father was in charge, it was Brick Lane's Post Office, a stone's throw away from the old Machzikei Hadath Synagogue, next to the railway arches under which the non-evacuees sheltered from Hitler's bombs.

Only Fishman's, Wolman's the chemist, and Golemb's Jewish book shop are left on the lane now, sandwiched uneasily between the Modern Saree Centre, Dilal Fashions, Ronf-Mahmood Accountants and the like.

But those few Jewish shopkeepers have had something of a surge in interest - if not in business - this past summer, with thousands of Jews pouring into the East End to catch a glimpse of their disappearing heritage. Exhibitions, film shows, talks and walks have resurrected the glories of everything from the typical 1920s Stepney household to the Jews' Temporary Shelter, set up in Whitechapel in 1885 to provide food and beds for the thousands of Jews flooding in from Eastern Europe.

Yiddish films have been screened in Mile End's Coronet Cinema, guided tours have taken bemused Americans through Stepney Green and Shoreditch, and Jacob Epstein's sculpture has been on display at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, where the scent of hot salt beef still drifts tantalizingly in from Bloom's, a couple of doors down the high street.

There's been an exhibition of East London furniture-making, a rare showing of Judaica collected by the Victoria and Albert Museum, and even a look at the life and work of Boris Bennett - that doyen of 1930s Jewish portrait photographers, who "brought Hollywood to the East End."

BUT IT is the narrow streets themselves that have the most to tell, for although many traces of this Jewish ghetto have long since disappeared, the little that remains is fascinating.

For example, up above a local shop-front, is a beautiful brass-coloured plaque, in which two Stars of David feature prominently. This doorway, it transpires, marked the entrance to the *Jewish Daily Post*, an English-language newspaper that survived for just six months in 1936 before a series of costly libel actions silenced its presses.



REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

What was once a grim East End slum, inhabited by Jewish immigrants, is still a grim East End slum - now inhabited by Bangladeshi and Bengali newcomers to London. Post Correspondent David Horovitz reports on current 'celebrations' of Jewish East End life.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Jerusalem Post Magazine



RETURN OF THE MINI

Greer Fay Cashman

HIGH, HIGHER, highest...

No, this is not a plug for the high jumping or pole vaulting events at next year's Olympic Games. In fact the subject isn't sport at all - it's fashion. And what's riding high is the mini. Fashion designers decided well over a year ago that it was once again time for women to show a leg. In Europe and the U.S. the trend caught on much faster than it did in Israel... but now it's bare knees and bare thighs just about anywhere you look. The mini has crept up on us so slowly, that we scarcely realized where it was going before it reached its skimpy zenith. From ballerina lengths, skirts were gradually trimmed to knee-grazing heights. Then they rose to expose something more than a knee-cap, and kept rising almost to the edge of the buttocks.

In their most revealing versions, they're made of shiny, skin-tight lycra spandex, which though it covers all, hides nothing. More sporty, durable offerings come in denim - usually in brief, tubular shapes. As the fabric gets softer, the skirt gets wider; there are fluted, multi-gored, skating, pouf skirts, and flounced A-lines.

The mini can be worn with just about anything: neatly fitted Spencer jackets or huge, unstructured blazers; cropped T-shirts or elongated tunics; abbreviated cardigans or long dusters. The greater the mix, the better the fashion cocktail.

At the hemline end, the mini is paired with thigh-high socks or boots or both. Anyone unwilling to let the winter winds get to the brief expanse of naked flesh between the top of the boot and the bottom of the skirt has a marvellous choice of attractively patterned tights.

The key question is, who can wear the mini? A colleague who wore it during its first incarnation, wondered out loud if she was too old to try it again. Age has very little to do with fashion these days. Tiny tots wear black and women in the 60 plus age group wear screaming ultra brights. Of course with the mini, there's a little more than colour to consider. But if you've got a good figure and nice legs, don't let your birth certificate get in the way. Go for it....

Zoom (Mala)

their own.

Daniela Petroff

MILAN, Italy (AP). - The news is big but the item is small. The Italian fashion designers have fallen in love with the miniskirt.

During the recent showing of the Italian ready-to-wear collections for spring-summer 1988, Italy's top 20 designers including Ferre, Versace, Fendi, Krizia and Missoni saturated the runway with innumerable varieties of the teeny skirt that caused a fashion revolution in the 1960s.

Some liked them ruffled, others pleated and still others draped. Colours varied from bright shades, to pale pastels or basic neutrals. Fabrics included leather, cotton and silk.

But whatever the style, the hemline always hovered closer to the thigh than the knee.

"They'd have you arrested for indecent exposure if you ever sat down in one of those," quipped one fashion editor, as a longstemmed model in sheer stockings and high heels strolled down the runway in a tiny black leather number at the Gianfranco Ferre show.

A full page ad taken out by Krizia in Italy's leading newspaper explained the Milan message eloquently: a drawing in black ink portrayed a pair of legs in high heels which ran the whole length of the page, except for the last inch which was taken up by a minute mini.

Not all designers opted for the super-short version. But the look was so prevalent that when several designers showed a just-over-the-knee hemline, it looked dowdy.

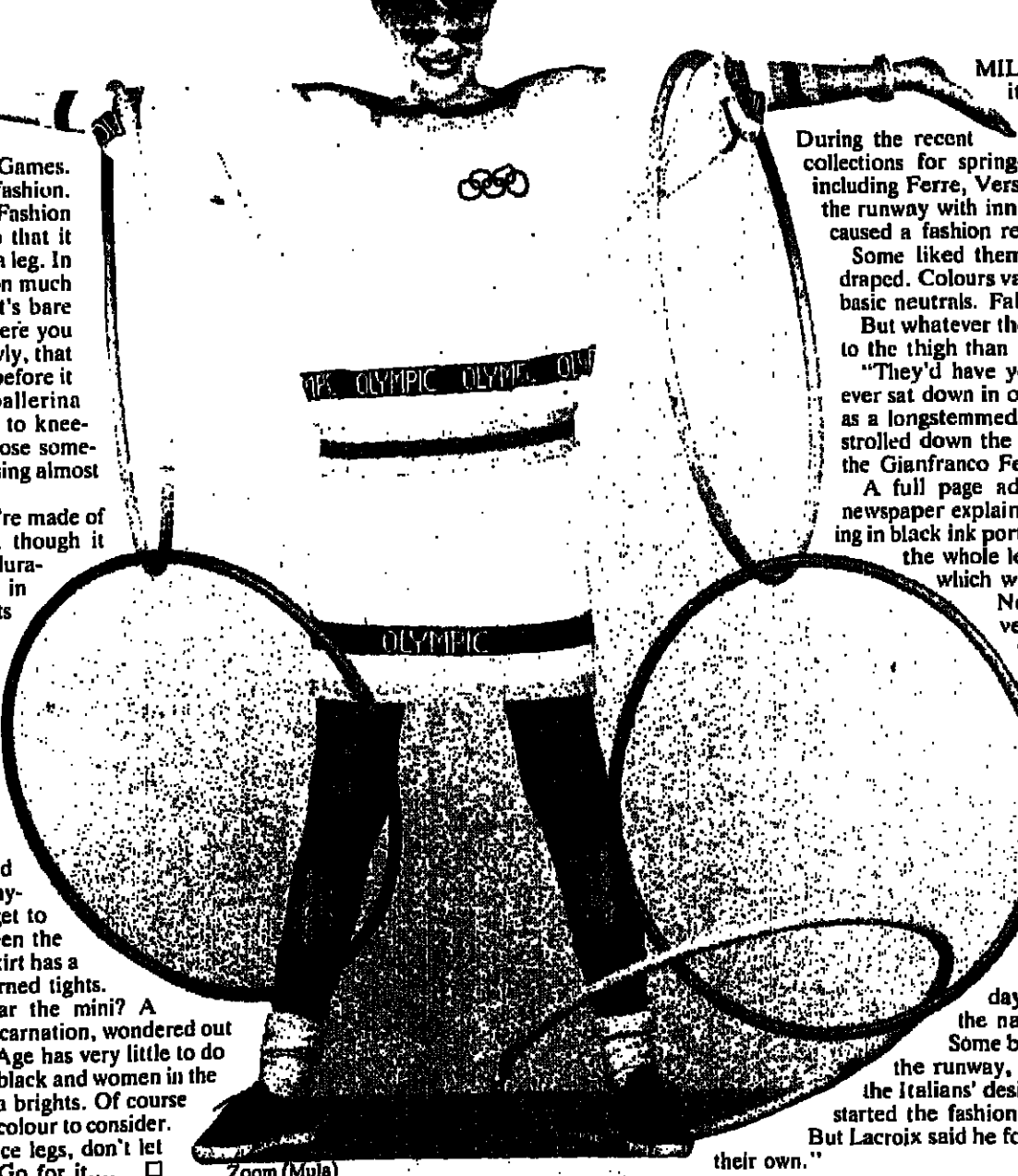
Many of the shorter versions will have been lengthened by the time they get to the shops, but buyers are still expressing concern over the saleability of such a radical fashion.

Their worries seemed to be confirmed when Giorgio Armani's collection, which had short skirts but no minis and was generally soft and elegant, was awarded the "Golden Eye" prize for the best collection of the season by jury of 64 fashion editors.

Another look that dominated the five-day Italian ready-to-wear showing was that of the naive, little party-girl.

Some blamed the invasion of puffs and ruffles onto the runway, known for its tailored sporty clothing, on the Italians' desire to catch up with Christian Lacroix, who started the fashion in Paris several seasons ago.

But Lacroix said he found the Italians' version to be "very much their own."



مركز الأناقة

Between acts Andrea King

POLAND'S MOST distinguished film director Andrzej Wajda, whose adaptation of *Crime and Punishment* for the stage was the hit of last year's Israel Festival, will be returning here in the spring to direct Habimah's latest revival of *The Dybbuk* for the 1988 Israel Festival, Israel's 40th anniversary and the theatre's 70th birthday.

Wajda, best known for his film *Dimmings And Ashes*, considered the pinnacle of post-war Polish cinema, was in Israel this week. He will be directing a Polish version of *The Dybbuk* in Cracow before he comes to Tel Aviv in March to work on the Hebrew production. S. An-ski's play, *The Dybbuk*, was first performed by Habimah 65 years ago in Moscow and then toured for several years throughout Europe and the U.S. The play, directed by Evgeni Vakhtangov, was not only a milestone in Hebrew theatre but also one of the most famous plays ever produced.

"I am very excited about directing *The Dybbuk* from both a professional and historical point of view," says Wajda, an attractive, well-dressed man with white hair and expressive eyebrows who looks more like a seasoned politician than a veteran film director. "It is my



(Erwin Schenkellbach)

intention and my dream to bring the history of Habimah to the play itself, both in Polish and in Hebrew. Part of the spirit of *The Dybbuk* is that it was performed on the road and I want to bring that feeling to my production."

Wajda, known for the expressionist symbolism in his films, has no doubt that symbolism already exists in the text of *The Dybbuk*. "The question is whether these symbols will be understood by the Polish public," says the 61-year-old director who lives in Warsaw. "What is nice about *The Dybbuk* is that as a love story it is eternal and beautiful and can be understood easily by any audience."

The first time Wajda read *The Dybbuk* he felt that it was part of Polish literature. "There is no doubt that An-ski grew up reading Polish books and his work is greatly influenced by this. I cannot think of *The Dybbuk* any other way and because of this I can make it understandable to Polish audiences."

Shmuel Omer, Habimah's director, says he, the actors and the staff are thrilled at the opportunity to be working with Wajda on the project. "He is a great director, a great artist and we have tried for three years to get him. When we saw *Crime and Punishment* at the festival we decided we had to work even harder to get him here. I think the combination of Habimah's 70th anniversary, the revival of *The Dybbuk* and Wajda's direction is something we have every right to be proud of."

Omer says it is of no consequence



Director Wajda (left). Scene from Habimah's 1979 production of 'The Dybbuk.'

(Jaacov Agor)

WAJDA'S DYBBUK

that Wajda, who is a Catholic is directing a play with so much Jewish meaning and symbolism. "After all," he points out, "Vakhtangov, who directed the original version, wasn't Jewish either."

Wajda, stressing the role of the Jews in the development of Polish culture, says: "A vacuum was created when the Jews left Poland." The issue of the Holocaust, he says, has been virtually ignored in Poland. "It gets more and more difficult as the years go by. After the war we should have made some documentaries or films. But something must be done now to confront the anti-Semitism that exists in Poland today."

However, according to Wajda, Isaac Bashevis Singer is the most widely-read author in Poland today and adaptations of his stories for the stage enjoy great popularity. In response to demand, the movie *Fiddler on the Roof* was aired twice on television recently, he reports.

"Slowly our culture is coming back to us and with that comes Jewish culture as well," says Wajda. "These signs, however small, led me to think that it was time to do *The Dybbuk* in Poland. It is a very mystical play with its own secrets within it and it can come back from the past and teach us something."

WAJDA BELIEVES that theatre can still make a unique combination

to modern-day society. "I began making movies first; only later did I come to direct plays. But I love the theatre, it is alive and deals with people. Movies and TV cannot change that. The power of the theatre is in the language and the dialogue. People today speak less and less to each other and that makes dialogue rare. Only theatre, of all the arts, can fill in this void."

"I am often asked why I bother directing a play that will be seen by only 100 people a night rather than making a film that perhaps thousands will see each night. My answer is that theatre is unique and wonderful because of the dialogue and because of this, a small stage is more important and more powerful than a large screen."

In recent years, Dostoevsky's work has deeply influenced Wajda who has directed *The Possessed*, *The Idiot* and *Crime and Punishment* at the Stry Theatre of Cracow. "When I direct a play I am not trying to imitate cinema on the stage," says Wajda. "Dostoevsky's works are the best because they don't remind me at all of film. Poland has a need for performances of Dostoevsky's works because he looked into peoples' souls in such a deep and brutal way."

"Dostoevsky hated Poles," adds Wajda wryly, "and like a true Catholic I turn the other cheek and re-

turn love to him instead."

The production of *Crime and Punishment* was first staged in 1984 and Wajda cut back on the action scenes and stressed the speeches instead. "Dostoevsky's heroes struggle in Polish and deal with Polish problems. These are my people, my language and my problems. But if I left, my audience would change. What can I really say to a film audience in France or the U.S.? Nothing. I would make one more movie about Poland and then it would all be over; whereas if I stay in Poland there is a demand for my movies as something authentically Polish that speaks of what life is like there."

"I do not like Communism. I do not like censorship. But I am willing to stay and fight the battle from within, for I feel this is the only way. My answer to those in the USSR and Poland who speak of *glasnost* and changes is this—the only guarantee of change is democracy. The Polish people want democracy. I am sure."

Wajda was born in Suwalki, a small town in north-east Poland and raised at the cavalry barracks there. His father was a professional officer and his mother a teacher. When World War II broke out Wajda was 13 and spent most of the war and occupation in the provinces. He did have a posting "of no significance." in the Home Army. When the war ended, Wajda studied for a short time at the Cracow Fine Arts Academy and then transferred to the newly-opened Lodz Film School.

Wajda's first feature film *A Generation* (1954) established him as a

key figure in the new Polish cinema. It was a study of the effects of World War II on a generation of disillusioned Polish youth. Two films followed in what has become known as his trilogy, *Kanal* (1957) about the Warsaw Ghetto uprising and a group of Polish resistance fighters trapped in the city's sewers while *Ashes and Diamonds* (1958) focused on the first day after the war ended, the transition to a new social system—Communism, and the clashes between its adherents and opponents. These two films marked the start of Wajda's career as Poland's premier political and social commentator in cinema and won him international standing as a director.

The release of two more films, *Man of Marble* (1976) and *Man of Iron* (1981) added to Wajda's reputation in the West. *Man of Marble* starts in the 1950s in the Stalinist period and finishes with the Gdansk uprising in 1976. The film raises the issue of an individual's right to free expression and self-determination. The second film, about the Gdansk shipyard strike of August 1980 and the peak of the dissident Solidarity movement, won the Grand Prize at the 1981 Cannes Film Festival. The film, which features a cameo appearance by Solidarity leader Lech Walesa, ends with Solidarity's short-lived triumph prior to the imposition of martial law and the subsequent outlawing of the movement. Asked if he plans to round out the series with a film on the current situation in Poland, Wajda becomes grave. "This is one of my greatest problems," says the director, "not being able to define on film, at present, where we are now in Poland. The freedom that we felt for a short while from 1980-1982 is no longer there."

"The hope that we lived with then and the reality now, are so far apart that it is very hard to make such a film. There is no art form right now that can find a way to express what is going on and what the Polish people feel."

With all his frustration, Wajda is unwilling to run away from what he sees as his problems—Poland's problems. "Many of my films are tragic because our life in Poland is much more of a tragedy than a comedy, but I have never had the desire to emigrate as life for emigrants is very hard, especially for artists."

"I have a Polish audience, I work in Polish and deal with Polish problems. These are my people, my language and my problems. But if I left, my audience would change. What can I really say to a film audience in France or the U.S.? Nothing. I would make one more movie about Poland and then it would all be over; whereas if I stay in Poland there is a demand for my movies as something authentically Polish that speaks of what life is like there."

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"I have just visited a kibbutz and I spoke to many Polish immigrants who came to Israel after the war. They built the entire kibbutz themselves. It's a fantastic story. In their story there is a dream about overcoming the impossible. My dream about overcoming the impossible has to do with freedom for Poland."

Theatre

IN THE PAST, the powers that be have always put on a private post mortem to pinpoint the shortcomings of the Acre Festival. As little has ever been done thereafter about those involved, this year I prefer to go public with my own. For in one crucial respect there is a falling-off as regards the quality of theatre, one that has increased with the years and begins to be irreversible.

Acre town itself, unless they rub off all the patina and replace all the cobblestones with concrete paving (a crime some philistine planner has perpetrated in front of the great mosque), will always remain one of the most picturesque venues in the world for festivals. Washed by a turquoise sea, with a hinterland of casbah, Crusaders' port, the highly-turbanized and landscaped beauty of a well-planned old Turkish town, it has the added convenience of a compressed theatre complex—all of which is enough to make it the envy of the festival world. Add to that a popular spirit of fiesta, outgrowth of the theatre events, that has swollen into a Succot street festival, with something like 400,000 relaxed Israelis roaming the surroundings in agreeable, non-aggressive mood, enjoying the outdoor bazaars, free-for-all shows, and exotic foods, and you have a happening that is good for Jews, for Arabs, and, considering the amount of business it brings in, great for Acre. But is it good for theatre—more specifically, "other," alternative, experimental, fringe theatre, or whatever you care to call it?

HABIMAH is an idea in search of incarnation. A theatre is a corporate entity, and its life depends not only on the common will of its members but also on the patronage of the public. A theatrical group is a highly perishable commodity, which requires steady care by a loving hand and inexhaustible funds. Habimah, at its inception, was fortunate in having a loving hand. Funds there were none.

The story of Habimah's birth was told candidly by Yehoshua Bertanov to Gershon Hanoch for the latter's book on Habimah's 25th anniversary.

Bertanov was spending some time in Bialystok, a provincial town with a big Jewish population wedged between Poland, Lithuania and White Russia. He was a professional actor touring the USSR with a Russian company. His Hebrew was rudimentary—if, indeed, he knew it at all.

There was a Hebrew teacher in Bialystok, a youngish man with an inexhaustible stock of energy, who was determined to establish a Hebrew theatre: Nahum Zemach. He lived modestly, earning barely enough to support the family (his father died when he was a child). But on the bare desk on which Zemach worked at his home, Bertanov noticed a small bust of Napoleon.

Whatever one may say about Zemach, he certainly thought big. No nation can exist without its national theatre, and he was going to create it. In 1911, he took the little bunch of amateurs he had assembled in Bialystok to Vienna, where the Zionist Congress was meeting. He wanted to alert the Zionists to the need of a theatre in the future Jewish state. Bertanov, with his professional background, directed the play (translated from the Russian). The Congress took the performance with a condescending smile and forgot to arrange for the fares of the company back to Russia. So they were stuck

NO ALTERNATIVE

Crowds do nothing to correct the "falling-off" evident there. You can see it in the composition of the queues. Every year the age level drops; not quite another Woodstock yet, but increasingly a teenage turnout. Alas yes, those in the 30-50 age-groups who once made the pilgrimage devotedly, have with the years become increasingly disenchanted, and defected—not without reason. The festival fails to correspond to the category of Fringe, the promise that originally attracted them. So much so, if it were now to drop the word "other" no one would notice the difference.

It has to be said in all fairness, however, that what is happening in Acre is no local monopoly. The tendency to solidity seems to be worldwide. As an illustration, take this year's Edinburgh Fringe Festival. "A neat, respectable Fringe," said *The Economist* headline, adding: "When experimental theatre groups began taking shows to Edinburgh as an alternative to the official festival, the city's burghers were often outraged. Not so this year. The only scandal of any note has been over 'Donna Giovanni,' a feminist (and occasionally nude) version of Mozart. (Acre had its Hannah Senesh do a strip-tease too—ND) That apart, this year's fringe has been unchaotic, unrevolutionary, and unspontaneous. The fringe has suf-



Naomi Doudai

fered the fate of all successful alternatives: it has turned into an institution."

BACK HOME HERE in Acre, everyone was saying much the same thing: that the spirit of experiment had dried up, that no try-out, no audacious originality, no inspired madness, in other words, no "alternative" was left. Only droves of artists, or would-be artists, come with the crass, commercial intent of catching the eye of the roving representatives of the larger theatres—an auction mart for buyers more than an artistic feast for spectators.

The truth is far less damning. For years there have been fringe offer-

ings, the best of which have been regularly overlooked by the judges. In that respect this year's panel was no different. An "establishment" choice, safe, square, reliable, unlikely to light up at anything remotely offbeat or outrageous, they in their turn passed over with a mere commendation the only authentically avant garde piece, the only really surreal scream in the whole festival.

Something similar happened last year to *Mizmor Le-David*, and the year before to *Leshonot*, both mounted with striking innovation and sophistication. The piece I refer to now is *Az Kemvet* (Strong as Death).

Avishai Milstein—still a theatre student in Munich—wrote this out of a rich background of European culture. Shosh Reisman, a well-known contemporary music theatre composer, directed and composed it.

Unlike the others, it has no political perspective, no catchy or striking performances. It is, on the contrary, a poetic structure of banalities with a deeply-buried tragic theme built in, a masterpiece of noncommunication with a line of suspense that never swerves, an artistic artifact that fumbles for new horizons and that anywhere else in the world must have won the recognition it deserves.

I still hope it will find a theatre

and that later I can give it the full review it merits. For now, it may suffice to say that here we have a sensitive workout of language, gesture, and movement in rhythmic sound patterns and forms, carried by actors, plus an electric cello on a computer, plus percussion with pseudo-synthesizer effects, all of which add up to a treatment electric in every sense. Zohar Shiff's extravagant experiments with unconventional lighting add to the all-over flourish.

I DWELL ON *Az Kemvet*, for with the other four fine pieces, *Al-mama* (first prize), *Azulin*, *Zona Tzionit*, *Mevakeret Ha'et*, it is very unlikely to be seen in any of the big theatres, for reasons which the latter protest are protocol, and which I find pettifogging. With their sworn support for the new Hebrew play, why not salvage some of these—the first at least?

If not Acre, and not-as-yet-workshops (though hopefully they are now on the way), the Hebrew play is going to die before it is ever legitimately born, and all that we'll be left with are the bastardized concoctions that go by the name of contemporary Hebrew theatre.

To wind up, I want to apologize for a malfunction of the computer that misquoted me, calling Jonathan Tchertche "mediocre" instead of an actor with a "Mediterranean charm." There is more, too, to complain about regarding callousness of organizational and safety, as against security, arrangements. But this I will reserve for next week. □

HOW HABIMAH HAPPENED

in Vienna until a wealthy philanthropist came to the rescue.

ZEMACH ARRIVED IN Moscow in 1917, a refugee fleeing the advancing Germans. Moscow was full of such refugees, some of them with considerable means. But the young men and women who answered Zemach's call for talent for a Hebrew theatrical company were penniless. However, he did find some benefactors and obtained permission to adapt a private residence for his purposes. Then began the most arduous part of it all—the training of the troupe as professional actors.

His greatest success was in interesting the great Stanislavski in the venture. Nobody understood why the patron saint of the Russian stage would stoop to having a hand in the fortunes of a group of Jewish stage-struck dilettanti. But he did send some of his best pupils to work with Habimah. Perhaps the idea of a nation reborn excited him. Perhaps he was struck with the abundance of raw talent in this small group. Anyhow, Habimah, artistically, was put on the right path. It was far ahead of the semi-amateur Yiddish companies that formed the bulk of the Jewish theatre at the time.

Indeed, Habimah became an instant artistic success the moment it went public. Maxim Gorki praised it, Lunacharski, the powerful commissar for education and the arts, obtained for Habimah the honorary status of a "studio" of the prestigious Moscow Arts Theatre, and a modest grant. Hunger and privation were part of daily life for everybody in Moscow: Habimah was not dismayed by that.

The danger to Habimah was political, namely, the pressure constantly

Sraya Shapiro

exercised by the Jewish section of the Communist Party, the *Yevsekizlia*. Obviously, to them, Habimah was waving the Zionist flag, though it was careful not to put on the stage anything indicating the hope of the Jews to return to the land of their forefathers. Zemach was often arrested for interrogation, and was only set free with the help of influential Russian friends.

At the beginning of 1926, Habimah left Moscow for a tour, escaping in the nick of time, from the post-NEP measures of the Stalinist era. Full of the glory reaped during the European tour, the company reached America.

And there the fateful split occurred.

ZEMACH WANTED Habimah to make America its permanent home. His argument, apparently, was that only in America could one hope to obtain steady economic support, while in Palestine, the Zionist establishment and the private patrons of the arts were too poor to sustain a theatrical company of Habimah's standard. He was heavily outvoted by his colleagues. One suspects that personal rivalries played a part in the discussions. Zemach and a few of his followers stayed in the U.S.; the bulk of the company made the leap to Tel Aviv.

"We could not act otherwise," Hannah Rovina told Hanoch. "In Moscow we were repeating to ourselves night and day that we were on the way to Jerusalem."

Maybe the Habimaites felt that Zemach did not appreciate the

American scene properly, did not realize that the American Jews were far from taking the Zionist ideals seriously. In fact, Zemach's attempts to create a new Habimah in New York failed completely.

Habimah was feted royally in Palestine. There were receptions and speeches, and promises. But hardly any money and no proper stage, and exhausting journeys round the country. But the prestige of Habimah was not tarnished by the adverse conditions. The actors, especially Rovina, were respected, even adored, by the culture-hungry public. The municipality of Tel Aviv announced its intention to build a proper theatre for the popular ensemble—a promise which took many years to materialize.

Meanwhile, a crisis of a different kind bedeviled the company: what to play?

In Moscow, the Habimah players had basked in the effervescent atmosphere of the Russian trail-blazing theatre of the early 1920s. In Tel Aviv, they were completely cut off from their source of inspiration. They depended on Russian directors, and were happy when the great Alexander Diki was able to come for a couple of days.

As explained by Zemach, Habimah stressed mainly plays on national themes, determined to develop a national culture. Even Sholem Aleichem was discarded, being the embodiment of the Diaspora. Baruch Tchemerinski had to fight to persuade his colleagues to try the great Yiddish writer, albeit in Diki's production. There was more room for the European classics like Shakespeare and Moliere.

A deeper, though unavowed, problem became clear to the Hab-

mah decision-makers: the public in Tel Aviv was ages away from the innovation-seeking artistic milieu of Moscow. People were accustomed to realistic acting. And they wanted entertainment. Habimah groped wildly for popular successes in order to fill its empty coffers, and many box-office hits from Europe and America were tried here—with varied results.

IT WAS CLAIMED by some Habimah actors—but mainly by Shimon Finkel, the manager, who came to Habimah from a different background—that the main cause of all Habimah's ills was its internal structure. Habimah was a collective, managed by all its members. The choice of play, the distribution of the cast, the invitation to a director—every detail of the theatre's life, was decided by majority vote. This was absurd, Finkel thundered. A director must be free to choose the repertory and allocate parts to the most suitable actors. He claimed that promising plays were rejected because members did not find suitable parts for themselves.

Finkel's fight against the collective eventually bore fruit, but not until 1968, when the management of the company was given to an outsider. Gavriel Clifrony, who had been a journalist most of his life, was appointed business manager, while Finkel became the artistic director of the Habimah National Theatre. He held this post for five years.

Talk to Habimah people today, and you will find that the problems persist. The government subsidy is insufficient. Artistic fads keep changing. The public is unreliable. Habimah still tries its best to supplement its budget by plays which are expected to attract huge audiences. Constitutional changes, essential as they may be, do not provide a solution unless realists combine forces together to work for an idea. □

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Film festival Pearl Sheffy Gefen

THERE WAS A lion's dance in the streets, male strip-tease at Toronto's staid hotel, Paul Newman, Norman Mailer and Diane Keaton, and orderly line-ups at crowded cinemas to see great, good and ghastly movies -- including a rash of "gay" films.

All this marked the well-organized Toronto festival as it marched into its 12th year as a major member of the burgeoning field of international film festivals.

Because Toronto is North America's third largest film market, the festival -- which does not give official prizes, except for three fringe awards -- has become a vital testing-ground for film-makers and distributors. As popular festival director Helga Stephenson noted, "The industry can judge the impact of their films here as an indication of their chances throughout North America. Our audiences are always broad and not just the artsy crowd."

The films are culled from the best in other festivals, plus several choice world premieres, and all are open to the public. With a budget of Can. \$2.2 million and ticket sales of over half a million, the festival screened 238 films from 36 countries in 10 days. Even Godard's abominable *King Lear* had a full house until the audience began exiting in droves.

The single Israeli feature film was Renée Schorr's powerful *Late Summer Blues*, a last-minute entry thanks to the good offices of Israeli Consul-General Benjamin Ahileah. The single screening was jam-packed and Schorr was indefatigable in promoting it for general release, a distinct probability after its success here and at the recent Montreal festival. It goes on to the Vancouver festival next month.

There were several films on Jewish topics, including Gerard Oury's *Levy and Goltz* and three outstanding ones on the Holocaust.

The Wannsee Conference, given added screenings because of critical acclaim and popular demand, is a German-language re-enactment of the infamous meeting that organized the "Final Solution."

It will be shown on Israel Television next January, after being screened in 27 countries, including Germany (where German TV, which partly financed it, aired it only after it won several international prizes).

Two films, both deeply moving, dealt with an aspect of the Holocaust only recently touched by film-makers: the role of the rescuer. In *Weapons of the Spirit*, which is being shown at the current Haifa film festival, director Pierre Sauvage returns to the little French village of Le Chambon-sur-Lignon where 5,000 Christians sheltered and saved 5,000 Jews, including Sauvage's own family.

The village, located near Lyons, headquarters of the infamous Klaus Barbie and recently the scene of his trial, proved that goodness can be as contagious as evil.

The second film about rescuers was *So Many Miracles*, in which Canadian Saul Rubinek took his parents back to Poland to visit the family which hid them from the Nazis.

Interest in the rescuers, honoured by Yehoshua Shoshani but virtually ignored by the rest of the world, is now growing enormously, says Sauvage, and several Christians approached him after the screening with thanks and requests to show the film in their churches.

There were also two documentaries on Palestinian refugees, one of them financed by the PLO and



'The Wannsee Conference,' well-received at the Toronto Festival, will be shown on Israel TV in January.

CANADIAN FESTIVITIES

called *Resistance Struggle of Women of South Lebanon*. It contained lines such as, "It was as if my daughter was being raped," an interesting comment, in view of the fact that the Israeli invasion of Lebanon was the only example in history of an invading army which did not rape a single woman.

The other film was *Aqabat Juber: Passing Through*, made by Eyal Sivan and billed in early press releases as a "Palestine/France co-production" until it was pointed out that Sivan is Israeli.

THIS SEEMS to be the year of the "gay" film. There were almost two dozen in the festival dealing with homosexuality -- male and female -- including three excellent Canadian movies.

I've Heard the Mermaids Singing (about lesbian love, platonic and otherwise, with the title from T.S. Eliot's haunting "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock") and *Night Zoo* (which opens with a prison rape scene), both made by gay directors, had already received accolades at the Cannes Film Festival.

Too Outrageous, a funny and touching sequel to the successful *Outrageous*, about and starring a talented transvestite, was a world premiere. This was followed by the wildest party Toronto has ever seen, where it was hard to tell the women from the glamorously-clad transvestites.

Gorgeous young men glided about, clothed only in body oil and gold-trimmed jock straps, as male stripteasers performed under the disapproving eye of a cop in the city's sodite Royal York Hotel, watchful to ensure that the last strip (or strap) of decorum was left intact. This is not the Toronto I grew up in.

There were other gay films from Taiwan, the Philippines, West Germany and New Zealand, which showed two shorts on AIDS victims. The United States offered *Kanika's Hearts*, billed as a "docu-drama about lesbian lovers who are also porn stars," and *Damned If You Don't*, about a young nun attracted to her neighbour.

Call me Madame from France recorded the tribulations of a left-wing poet who underwent a sex change. In the five films (played to packed houses) by the brilliant, controver-

sial and flamboyantly gay Spanish director Pedro Almodovar, explicit sex scenes were not limited to homosexual lovers.

Then there was *Maurice*, a fine adaptation by the Ivory-Merchant team (*Room with a View*) of E.M. Forster's autobiographical novel, which won the Silver Lion Award at the Venice festival and its lead actors awards as the homosexual lovers.

Even *Sammy and Rosie Get-Laid*, a world premiere by Stephen Frears (*My Beautiful Laundrette*) had a couple of lesbians in it.

Why this sudden obsession with the subject? According to the gay and non-gay film-makers I queried, the growing anxiety over AIDS is the basic cause. One of the former added: "There are many gay film people, and we wanted to combat the hostility of the media and public by showing that we're people who live, love and die like anyone else."

THERE WERE -- honestly -- other films at the festival. A popular Asian film programme opened with a colourful Chinese lion dance along Yonge Street, preceding the world premiere of *The Romance of Book and Sword*. Featuring spectacular displays of acrobatic skill in hand-to-hand combat, this gory epic tale of conquest in the Ming Dynasty was shot in the People's Republic of China by a petite and pretty Hong-kong lady named Ann Hui.

Ronau Walsh's 1924 silent film classic, *The Thief of Baghdad*, starring Douglas Fairbanks, who also wrote and produced the \$2m. extravaganza, was given only one showing because of the cost of the 26-piece live orchestra that accompanied it, under the baton of musicologist Gillian Anderson.

Five films in the festival were produced by Israeli Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus. They included Godard's *Lear* which was relieved only by Burgess Meredith, quoting wistfully from the original Shakespeare (otherwise ignored by the director); Norman Mailer's *Tough Guys Don't Dance* and Barbet Schroeder's *Barfly*, starring Mickey Rourke and Fay Dunaway in a slinky, occasionally poetic story autobiographically scripted by American poet and "boozie bum" Charles Bukowski.

Several world premieres were sub-

perb. *Princess Bride*, directed by Rob Reiner (once Archie Bunker's "Meathead" son-in-law in *All in the Family*), an enchanting, hilarious fairy-tale about true love, was voted most popular film by the festival's general public.

Alan Pakula's *Orphans* starred Albert Finney as a Chicago hood who adopts a violent, latter-day dead-end kid and his backward brother, and kept its audience riveted for two hours by its wild humour, raw emotion and extraordinary performances by Finney, Matthew Modine and Kevin Anderson -- with not a woman in sight and nary a homosexual hint.

Another world premiere bound to be a hit is *Baby Boom*, written, directed and produced by Nancy Meyers and Charles Shyer, the husband-and-wife team that gave us *Private Benjamin*. It stars Diane Keaton as the quintessential yuppie career-woman who inherits a baby girl and tells her troubles to Sam Shepard, the Pulitzer Prize playwright and author of the *Paris, Texas* screenplay, who acts the role of a bemused Vermont veterinarian.

AND THAT, inevitably brings us to the stars. Keaton, bubbly and gleeful at the film's reception, fielded questions about her private life skillfully but with good grace (yes, she'd be happy to do another film with ex-boyfriend Woody Allen, but doesn't know if or when, and yes, Allen will make a wonderful father to Mia Farrow's next child). Asked if she'd like to act the classics, she giggled: "Count me out of Chekhov. I'll stay away from the classics. My speech patterns aren't right."

Albert Finney, cynical laughter lurking in his amazing blue eyes, restless, lively and full of expansive gestures and goodwill to all at his press conference (co-star Modine says he's "magic") said he was "perfectly prepared to pack a bag and go anywhere if the offer is good enough and there's a racetrack nearby."

Faye Dunaway, in a tailored beige suit with an exceedingly short skirt only slightly shielding her fabulous legs, chain-smoked her way through her press conference for *Barfly*, looking the way any other woman of 46 would undergo torture to look and eliciting the public confession of a young newsman: "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen and

I can't take my eyes off you." She thanked him graciously.

Norman Mailer, as much a sought-after star as an actor, was there to present *Tough Guys Don't Dance*, the film he wrote and directed, based on his own novel. Reactions ranged from "Awful" to "Brilliant" and "Must see because it's Mailer."

Mellowed at 64, fascinating as ever (we'll get back to him in a separate story soon), he said of his producer Menahem Golan, "One of his immortal achievements will be that he allowed me to make this film."

BUT THE BIGGEST draw at the festival was Paul Newman, in one of his rare media encounters. He reluctantly appeared at the last Cannes festival to plug *Glass Menagerie*, starring wife Joanne Woodward and directed by Newman exactly as Tennessee Williams wrote it, with almost no concessions for the transfer from stage to screen.

At Cannes, he was mobbed and Joanne was mugged. In Toronto, he appeared briefly (but safely) because the film was chosen for the closing-night gala, and over 200 media people and star-gawkers crowded into his single meeting with the press.

There are things, he confessed, that he'd like to change in the film -- "but I'm not telling you what." He realizes it will be popular with archivists but may not make money. Asked if he'd like an Oscar for directing it, he mused: "As I get older, the trappings of this business interest me less and less. I'd like one only for the picture's sake."

Dressed in a camouflage jacket, exchanging private notes and laughs with his wife, sitting beside him, he seemed to be concerned by the question of age: "As I see a little end down the line, I find the work itself is more important than the results. Making this film was a community effort and it was fun getting up in the morning."

He grinned that famous wry grin: "At four o'clock daily, we had two large garbage bags full of popcorn delivered to the set. It was all gone by 4:15."

Woodward admitted she had not always chosen her roles carefully "because I had to earn a living. Then I married a superstar and now I can do only the roles I like, and hardly any of them make money."

Newman expressed sorrow at today's audiences:

"Today people want to be entertained. They don't want to be bombarded with emotion, or think too much. I hope it gets better. When Joanne and I started out on the stage, Tennessee Williams was writing, Arthur Miller was writing, you could afford to put on serious plays and films."

Newman laughed at the obvious question about his death-defying car racing: "I always wanted to be a jock, but was always a terrible football player, a bad skier, never a good boxer. I had no physical grace at all. The only place I've been graceful in is a car."

DOES CAR racing relieve his stress? Woodward leapt to the rescue: "He's not relieving stress. He just likes to drive fast. And the only time his racing makes me stressful is when he's not driving fast enough to win."

And how does she relieve stress? Cool, confident and apparently tougher than her husband, she replied: "I knit."

Musical notes Lea Levavi

THE VIENNA Philharmonic Orchestra will visit Israel for the first time next September, at the urging of the Austrian chancellor.

This 135-member all-male orchestra, which serves the Vienna and Salzburg opera houses in addition to giving its own concerts, is in its 147th season. It is a cooperative, without a music director or general manager and with the players overseeing the day-to-day running of the orchestra to the extent of selling subscriptions themselves.

They will give four concerts -- one in Jerusalem on September 10th and three in Tel Aviv immediately after Rosh Hashanah on the 13th, 14th and 15th -- with Leonard Bernstein conducting. Details of the two programmes have not yet been finalized but works are expected to include symphonies by Mahler, Beethoven or Brahms, and possibly Mozart plus one or more compositions by Bernstein.

Since Bernstein will have celebrated his 70th birthday only two weeks before the visit, some sort of birthday celebration will add to the festivity of the occasion.

"I don't want to use superlatives in describing the Vienna Philharmonic, because I believe its music speaks for itself," explained Gideon Paz of the Artis, the firm of impresarios which is arranging the visit. He did say, however, that the Philharmonic is expensive; it will cost over \$600,000. The contract is between the orchestra and Artis, he explained, and Artis is responsible for footing the bill, but public and private fund-raising efforts are underway and help may be forthcoming from the Austrian government.



Bernstein will conduct the Vienna Philharmonic in Israel next September.

MALE SERVICE

from the Austrian government.

APROPOS long-range musical planning, the New Israeli Opera recently announced the signing of a contract with composer Noam Sherif for a new opera, *The Sorrows of Job*, which will open the Israel Festival in May, 1989. Hanoch Levine will base the libretto on his play by the same name.

Meanwhile, the company's Opera Workshop is performing *The Elxir of Love* by Donizetti. The participants, though well-trained singers,

are still polishing up their acting skills; hence this modest production -- using a piano instead of an orchestra -- required three months of rehearsals compared to the five weeks for the company's staging of *La Traviata* at the last Israel Festival.

The workshop has so far performed *The Elxir of Love* in Tel Aviv, and will appear in Jerusalem tomorrow night (Oct. 24), in Revi-m on Monday (the 26th) and in Beersheba on Wednesday, Thursday and next Saturday (28th, 29th and 31st.)

A SERIES of master classes is scheduled for the Jerusalem Music Centre next month beginning with classes for violinists and violists from the 8th to 11th November, given by Max Rostal of Switzerland, president of the European Association of String Teachers. Classes for double-bass and cello players will be held by Gary Karr of the U.S., with Harmon Lewis at the piano, on the 18th and 19th. Karr is one of the world's foremost double-bass players. Classes for pianists and chamber ensembles will be given by Gyorgy Sandor from the 20th to 27th (no class on the 26th).

Experimental music combining classical, jazz, jazz punk and electronic music will be performed by Heiner Goebbels and Alfred Harth, a duo from Hamburg, on Sunday November 22nd at 8:30 p.m. at Beit Liessin.

A New York Times critic described a New York concert of works by Israeli composer Yardena Arotin last month as proof that "Israeli composers are not uniformly weak but perhaps we have been listening to the wrong ones." Arotin's use of Middle Eastern and oriental material, and her deviant use of tonality, are not exciting in themselves, he said, but added that "she has a voice which expresses not philosophy or a trend but itself."

An evening in honour of Avigdor Herzog, retiring head of the National Sound Archives at the Jewish National and University Library in Jerusalem, was held at the library last Wednesday. After the opening speeches -- given by Prof. Malachi

Beit-Arie, head of the JNUL, and Prof. Yisrael Adler, head of the Jewish Music Research Centre -- Prof. Andre Hajdu, head of the musicology department at Bar-Ilan University, gave a talk on the Hungarian ethno-musicological school as reflected in Herzog's work. Prof. Eliyahu Schleifer, a musicologist who now runs the cantorial programme at Hebrew Union College in Jerusalem, spoke on the link between music and text in the Ashkenazi synagogue.

ANOTHER institution which specializes in Jewish music is the music centre at Beit Hatfutsot which has been renamed for Paul Fehér of France, whose generosity has enabled its expansion.

The centre has so far made two records and is planning more, with the next recording expected to be of Jewish choral music from Rossi to the present. Concerts of Jewish music are given at the museum from time to time, the next of which will be on Sunday evening (25th) by a group from Turkey, Los Pasharos Sephardies (the Birds of Spain) singing in Judeo-Spanish (Ladino.)

The centre's main activity, however, is to allow visitors to the museum to listen to Jewish music. From its humble beginnings five years ago with a collection of 90 cassettes of some 300 works, the centre now has 1000 works on 300 cassettes and its director, Dr. Avner Bahat is sure the number of works will rise to at least 1500 by the time the next catalogue is issued in 1988.

The centre defines Jewish music

(Continued on page F)

"ONLY PADANI. BECAUSE I LOVE YOU"

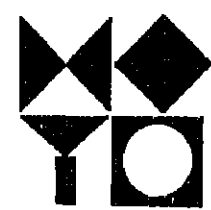
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This Week in Israel • The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS



this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

Design: Ilana Goor, from Furniture: Function and Fantasy (continued in expanded format this week)
Photographs: Boaz Tzoref, the museum's new contemporary art collection
Justus Ladda, who has created a new work in Jerusalem expressly for the Israel Museum.
Israel Art - special exhibitions.
Captive Drom: Jerusalem 1967 (Photographs documenting Jerusalem before and after the Six Day War)
Ilana Lufan: Golden Memories of the Holy Land (Jewelry acquired by the museum)

3500 Years of Chinese Art - Ceramics, bronzes, jade, and other objects from the Han, Tang, Song, and Yuan dynasties (Until Oct. 31).
Tradition and Revolution: The Jewish Renaissance in Russian Avanti-Garde Art - Exhibition of Russian Jewish artists (Until Oct. 31).
Enphasia - Aish Aroch, Michael Gross, Igal Tamar, and others from the Museum's collection (Until Oct. 31).
Edoardo Sotgiu - Italian contemporary art (Until Oct. 31).
News in Antiquity '87 - Recent discoveries in Israel (Until Oct. 31).
SPECIAL EXHIBITS: The Priestly Benediction on Silver Scrolls (Near Hecht Script Pavilion).
Nogev, 1987 (Magdalena Abakanowicz) (Until Oct. 31).
PERMANENT EXHIBITIONS OF ARCHAEOLOGY, HERITAGE, ETHNIC ART AND SHRINE OF THE BOOK WITH THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS.

MUSEUM HOURS
 Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm; Tues. 4 - 10 pm; Shrine of the Book 10 am - 10 pm; Fri. Sat. 10 am - 2 pm.
 Library: Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm; Tues. 4 - 8 pm.
 Graphics Study Room: Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11 am - 1 pm; Tues. 4 - 8 pm.
GUIDED TOURS (IN ENGLISH)
 Main Museum - Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11 am, Sun. 3 pm, Tues. 4:30 pm.
 Shrine of the Book - Sun. 1:30 pm, Tues. 3 pm.
 Archaeology - Mon. 3 pm, Wed. 1:30 pm. Heritage - Thurs. 3 pm.

ALL ACTIVITIES IN HEBREW UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED

SPECIAL EVENTS
 Wed. Oct. 28 at 8:30 pm: Concert: Ensemble Musica Nova - Members of the Israel Philharmonic and Chamber Orchestras.
 Thurs. Oct. 29 at 9 pm: The Jerusalem Barbershop Ensemble - An evening of nostalgia & humor at Ticho House.

EVENTS FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH
 Mon. Oct. 26 at 4 pm: Shadow Theatre (ages 5-10) "Roma's Adventures".
 Mon. Oct. 26 at 5:30 pm: Conversation with Shmuel Katz - book illustrator.

FILM CLUB (in English or with English subtitles)
 Fri. Oct. 23 at 2 pm, Sat. Oct. 24 at 7 & 9:15 pm: "La Colmena" (The Hive) Spain 1984. Dir: Mario Camus.
 Thurs. Oct. 25 at 7 & 9:15 pm: "Boy Meets Girl" (France 1984. Dir: Leos Carax).

YOUTH WING (Hours same as Museum)
 Wondrous India - Puppets, games, toys, videos and participatory activities.
 Toy Sculptures - Ahrele Ben-Arie. For children and adults.
 Puppets & Story Hour - Tues. at 4:30 pm; Picture Book Program (in English) Wed. 4 pm.

Feinstein Recycling Room: Mon. Wed. 2 - 5 pm, Tues. 4 - 7 pm.
"Mill" Resnick Teacher's Training Center (Tel. 698280 for details).
 Youth Wing Library Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 2 - 5 pm; Tues. 4 - 7 pm.
 Registration for courses for adults, youth and children at Youth Wing Office on Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am - 12 noon & 2 - 4 pm. Tel: 693276, 698235.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL (ROCKEFELLER) MUSEUM
 Sun. - Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm; Fri. & Sat. 10 am - 2 pm.
 Guided tour in English: Sun. & Wed. 11 am.
 Crusader Art - Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem sculpture from the 12th - 13th Centuries.
 Animals in Ancient Art: The Leo Mildenberg Collection - Spanning 5,000 years.

TICHO HOUSE
 7 Harav Kook Street. (Hours same as Museum. Closed Saturdays and Holidays).
 Oct. 25 at 4 pm: Menachem Regov reads stories to ages 6-10.

Tickets for Saturday available in advance at the Museum and at the Klu'it ticket agency, Jerusalem and Roco in Tel Aviv.
 THE ISRAEL MUSEUM IS LOCATED ON RUPPIN ST., TEL. (02) 688211.
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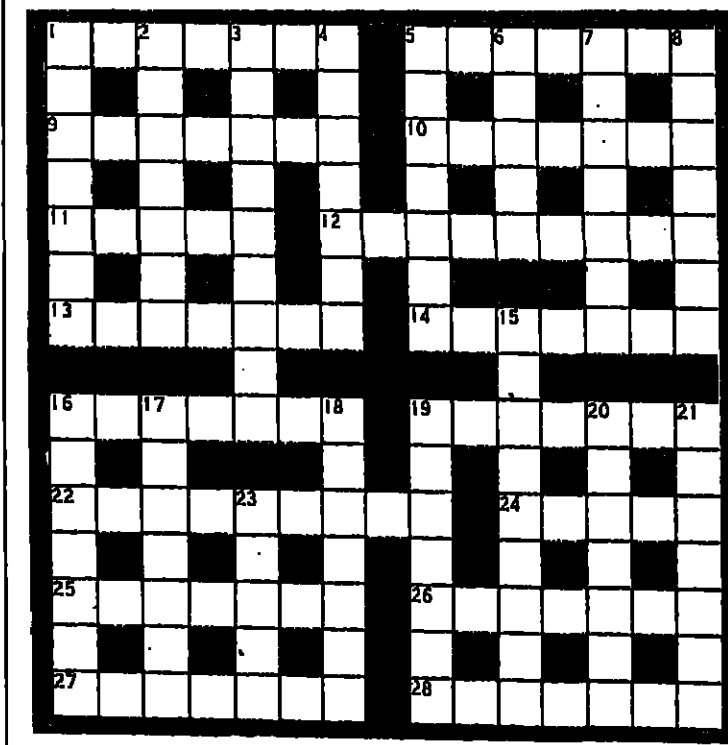
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Crosswords

Two-in-one

- ACROSS**
- 1 Acrobat taking a drink... (7)
 - 5 It's a medicine for wind? (7)
 - 9 Peter the First ruled here, in Germany (7)
 - 10 Imagined he was an air ace? (7)
 - 11 Couch taking people up to Oxford, perhaps (5)
 - 12 Vital silent sea-change (9)
 - 13 Joint for jackets? (7)
 - 14 Mothers, it's about time to get some money from the court! (7)
 - 16 Pests pieces of paper? (7)
 - 19 Sailor and soldier king? (7)
 - 22 Teasing man held responsible for abducting children (4,5)
 - 24 Those who bind in the terraces? (5)
 - 26 Time for our unemployment benefit? (7)
 - 28 Short advertising film? (7)
 - 27 Cat hair curls retreating foreign soldier? (7)
 - 28 House rule? (7)
- DOWN**
- 1 One advising us how to be a successful turf-layer? (7)
 - 2 Abroad, he keeps the Queen's peace up? (7)
 - 3 Ray and Mabel's ear loving bent (5,4)
 - 4 The newspaper experts in error? (7)
 - 5 "Bad Seed" remake made less (7)
 - 6 Gas written about in monograph (5)
 - 7 A superficial coverage of Goldsmith's works? (7)
 - 8 Lament: let us take a pole to high? (7)
 - 15 Knit a warm shift for writer (4,5)
 - 16 He has joint control of pit loco overhaul (2,5)
 - 17 Having a lascivious look? (7)
 - 18 Engineers fresh paper on board (7)
 - 19 Met dire disaster - well earned! (7)
 - 20 Keep a sharp lookout for them in the Solent, presumably? (7)
 - 21 A second application for motor vehicle cover? (7)
 - 23 It'll be a feather in your cap! (5)



Quickie

- ACROSS**
- 1 Dog? (7)
 - 5 The one in the dock? (7)
 - 9 For wear? (7)
 - 10 Rushing stream? (7)
 - 11 Groat fool? (5)
 - 12 Meaningless talk? (8)
 - 13 Site of massacre? (7)
 - 14 Meals? (7)
 - 16 Excitemonia? (7)
 - 19 Museum official? (7)
 - 22 He ornaments? (8)
 - 24 Lift up? (5)
 - 26 View? (7)
 - 28 e.g. Neos? (7)
 - 27 Imply? (7)
 - 28 Type of oil? (7)
- DOWN**
- 1 A violent crime? (7)
 - 2 An overhaul? (7)
 - 3 Just the same? (8)
 - 4 Tiredness? (7)
 - 6 French resort? (7)
 - 8 Oath? (5)
 - 7 Germ-free? (7)
 - 9 Franchises? (7)
 - 15 Crook temple? (8)

Yesterday's solution

FORBIDDING ABEED
 A E M U E S R T
 C O M M A B E A U T I F I C A T I O N
 P I N E S O M E T I M E S
 W N U S A E
 A D D R E S S T A B A R D S
 S E V L E S
 H A R R I E R T R A C K E
 I O A R E D
 N A I V E M O O N L E S S
 G R E N P T O S M
 T R E N C H A N T A L I V E
 O N G E F O S
 N E E D R E P R E S E N T S

Yesterday's Quickie Solution
ACROSS: 1 Bowler, 4 Punch, 8 Anglo, 9 Refusal, 10 Clamant, 11 Byre, 13 End, 14 Also, 15 Itel, 18 Rue, 21 Baldy, 22 Prairie, 23 Titanic, 24 Orate, 27 Wrong, 28 Cynnet, **DOWN:** 1 Branch, 2 Wagtail, 3 Sumpster, 4 Puff, 5 Nasty, 6 Helper, 7 Tris, 13 Dilatory, 16 Cortain, 17 Bawlow, 19 Epoch, 20 Defect, 22 Duto, 24 Snug.

Music

(Continued from page E)
 as "music by Jews for Jews as Jews," but Dr. Bahat applies that definition leniently. Though Mendelssohn was baptized a Christian, his oratorio *Elijah* and his Psalms are included in the centre's collection.

The collection includes liturgical music, music sung outside the synagogue on Jewish holidays and at ceremonies such as weddings, and secular music.

"I would say we are positioned between the National Sound Archives and Kol Yisrael," Dr. Bahat explained, "in the sense that commercial recordings appropriate for the radio may not be authentic enough for us, while the recording of an old woman singing a traditional song - which is exactly what a researcher at the National Sound Archives would want - may be too authentic for us because it may 'scare away' the average listener."

Dr. Bahat hopes the centre will soon be able to employ computers and compact discs to enable visitors to find the piece they want and listen to it via the computer instead of on cassette. "The person who views the museum's visual exhibits can spend a half-hour looking at one thing or can give it a passing glance and go on to something else. Using cassettes, he doesn't have that flexibility; if the piece he wants is the last of five on the cassette, he has to listen to the others to get to it. New technology can solve some of these problems."

Many of the cassettes show how different Jewish communities deal with the same material, e.g., the Sabbath song *Dror Yikra* as sung by Jews from different parts of the world. Others deal with one group, e.g., selections from the Yom Kippur service of a particular community.

Sources for the cassettes include commercial recordings ("I didn't think much of that idea until I found out how many records go out of print and are only available here," Dr. Bahat said), recordings produced by the centre itself and material obtained from other institutions, such as the radio and National Sound Archives.

THE Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra IBA has received a letter from the president, vice-president and principal conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Choir saying that the opportunity to perform Mahler's Eighth Symphony with the Israeli orchestra wasn't just an artistic experience but "a symbol of reconciliation between our peoples." They pointed out that the chorus was founded by Jews and had been an important institution in Berlin musical life until the Nazis forced its principal conductor, Otto Klemperer, to flee Germany.

The Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra will give its first in a series of six subscription concerts at Shefayim next Friday night (October 30th). The conductor will be Shalom Roni-Riklis and the soloist will be the Norwegian pianist Kjell Baekkelund, with a programme of Norwegian music which will include a recently discovered symphony by Grieg, Grieg's Holberg Suite and Nachruf by Nordheim. This concert will be repeated on Saturday the 31st at the Tel Aviv Tzavta and Baekkelund will give a piano recital in Jerusalem on November 2nd.

The other five concerts in the Shefayim series will include two with choirs (and orchestra), two with guest conductors from abroad and one with the alto Mira Zakai. □

Screen Angus Finney

THE PEOPLE Meter is loved by advertisers but hated by television officials. It is a little plastic box with flashing green and red lights. At stake are millions of dollars in advertising sales and the fate of programmes watched by millions of Americans every day.

Until now, the A.C. Nielsen Company has used meters that simply counted the number of viewers watching a programme. However, as advertisers became increasingly hungry for additional demographic information about the targets of their commercials, the 37-year-old diary system needed to be replaced. Consequently 4,000 new People Meters - half installed by Nielsen and half by AGB National TV Ratings Service, a new British-American partnership - started monitoring the American audience this month.

To activate a People Meter, a person punches his or her signed number on the remote control box. The number is associated with a meter on the top of the set which also records the particular programme being watched. This information is instantly transferred to the system's central computer which correlates the viewers' number with a mass of information on them.

AGB and Nielsen will provide

HATING THE PEOPLE METER

breakdowns for 38 demographic groups in contrast to the former diary method which reported on 18 groups.

"I hated the People Meters when I first heard about them. I hated them when I studied them and I still hate them today," said William Rubens, NBC's vice president for research. He fears that the new device requires "things which are outside the normal course of human nature" and that a system of pushing buttons without reward or punishment is bound to fail.

The seemingly simple task of punching a button every time a person enters or leaves the TV room has presented a mass of problems for the new system. Preliminary tests showed that some users grew tired of the button pushing. Children either became bored with the gadget or decided to punch in someone else's number for fun.

Such problems distort the data and critics argue the new device may favour young urban viewers who find the hi-tech gadgetry more

"user-friendly." As a result, the network programmes have favoured shows they think will appeal to younger urban audiences. CBS decided to save *Copney and Lacey* this autumn and have created a new Vietnam series called *Tour of Duty* which will favour the new system's possible Yuppie bias.

The brief history of the People Meter has been plagued with doubts and difficulties ever since AGB tested the service in Boston in 1985.

People have been less willing to participate in People Meter research which involves having cables laid and holes drilled in homes and makes active what has always been the most passive of American pastimes. As for the problem of encouraging people to push their buttons, both companies are now offering inducements such as gift catalogues.

After much discussion with edgy television executives, both Nielsen and AGB have agreed to constantly revise their methods and to check the way people are using the meter extensively. Lee Morgenlander,

Nielsen's product manager in charge of the new device, said they are concentrating on overcoming the "teaching difficulties" and tests required for the device to be approved for household use.

"I think our figures are reliable but I'm not sure if they are better than the old system yet. It takes a hell of a long time to install this new device," said Morgenlander. The old system relied on 1,700 homes for basic viewing figures and 2,000 under the old diary system. Nielsen are hoping to increase their current 2,000 homes to 4,000 by June 1988 and AGB hope for 5,000 by 1989.

AGT, new to the U.S. ratings market, has faced other problems including the hugely complex task of the American clearing system. Difficulties are caused by the vast numbers of independent network affiliates, all of which have to be checked to find precisely what programme was showing when, before their daily ratings can be released.

In this sense, the needs of the

British system, which depends less heavily on precise numbers for competition, has left AGB slightly behind Nielsen in their bid to lead the national ratings. According to William Rubens at NBC, the size of the programming figures which advertisers rely on to pay between \$90,000 to \$450,000 and more for each 30-second spot are essential and must be as accurate as possible.

However, although Rubens finds their figures fine after a week he is "still kicking and screaming because they moved too fast. The system needed three years to adapt, not barely a year."

All three networks after much deliberation have now signed with Nielsen at the rate of \$5 million a year. CBS has decided to also receive AGB's figures which serves MTV (Music Network, Paramount Television group, International Advertising Sales and eight major advertising agencies).

David Poltrack vice president of research at CBS, feels the only way to end up with the best system is if it continues to be developed in a competitive context. "American television is a uniquely cut-throat business where you have a score card at the end of every day and fortunes rise and fall very fast indeed."

(London Observer Service)

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Dance Dora Sowden

OUR ISRAELI Festivals have tended to grow larger and larger with the years and some people have grumbled about their being too much of a good thing, but surely no one will grumble if the Israel Festival Jerusalem 1988 turns out to be bumper-size. It will, after all, be celebrating the 40th anniversary of the state.

Rumours are already beginning to about the goodies we can expect - including, of course, what and who in dance. Understandably, much must have been chosen long ago: companies and even individual performers cannot come at the drop of a hat. Their schedules are fixed at least a year in advance, some even two or three years ahead; but the Festival organization keeps its cards close to its chest locally, sometimes with good reason, sometimes not. At this stage, therefore, everything is really speculation - but exciting speculation, that I am not even trying to confirm yet.

Will the Gulbenkian Ballet of Portugal be coming? Someone who recently visited Lisbon said this is more than likely. The Gulbenkian Foundation could well afford to make such a visit possible. It established the company in the 1960s with studios and a theatre that are said to be luxurious, and sending a company just across the Mediterranean shouldn't be too expensive.



The London Festival Ballet - in Israel next year?

GUESSING GAME

Another guess is about Maurice Béjart's Twentieth Century Ballet from Belgium. This company has visited Israel twice already, but that was quite some time ago and, as with the Alvin Ailey company or the Dance Theatre of Harlem or the Royal Ballet from England, one can never see too much of them. Béjart's choreography was at one time criticized for playing too much to the gallery. Someone called him "a purveyor of sensations," but I didn't agree with that when the company came here; I still consider him one of the greatest of all choreographers and his company one of the best.

Yet another guess: The London Festival Ballet? It has been going

strong for over 40 years and has had its ups and down financially and even artistically over the years, but is now said to be on an even keel - and of major quality, with dancers vying to join it. Some people have told me they prefer it to the Royal Ballet nowadays, but I myself haven't seen it for some years.

ANOTHER RUMOUR points to a French company. Could it be the Paris Opera Ballet? Since Nureyev took over its direction it is, according to critics, quite transformed. Anna Kisselgoff of *The New York Times*, whose judgments are usually sound and balanced gave the company a rave review when it went to

New York this year.

If I were given a choice, however, I would want the Marseille Ballet of Roland Petit. I saw it in New York some years ago in Petit's delightful version of *Coppelia* - very Frenchified and all the better for that.

I myself have suggested a visit by the Australian Ballet, but it probably wouldn't be possible in 1988 because, as I said, schedules are fixed such a long time ahead by major companies. It would be marvellous if Australia brought us our own Domy Reiter-Soffer's *Equus*, which other companies have done in the U.S. (and at the Salzburg Festival), but no Israeli company has yet undertaken to do.

Meanwhile, Israeli companies are flexing their muscles in the hope that space and time may be found for them in the Israel Festival. Participation by the new Jerusalem Tamar Dance Company is a certainty, because it is the officially recognized Jerusalem professional company. But others will no doubt get a look-in too. Some performances by local groups at recent Israel Festivals have not been of sufficient quality to warrant their inclusion in what is the major event of the dance year, but one must wait and see.

HOW ABOUT other companies one would like to see visiting Israel?

Anna Sokolow, who will be coming to work with the Kibbutz company in January, has her own company in New York called Players Project. It has been getting excellent reviews, and I am sure she would be prepared to bring the company here. She loves Israel.

Another company that would like to come - this one on a second visit - is Jennifer Muller/The Works. When Christopher Pilafian, a member of the company, was here to teach at Bat-Dor summer courses, he told me so. And Muller's *Speeds*, which was included in the Alvin Ailey programmes here last month showed that it should be worth seeing more of it.

Then there is the Zurich Opera House Ballet. It is now directed by Uwe Scholz, who is remembered in Israel for his choreography and direction of movement in Marc Kopyman's opera, *Susskind von Trimburg* (the only Jewish *minnesinger* in Germany in the Middle Ages). Scholz was then a dancer-choreographer of the Stuttgart Ballet.

He is now in his third season as artistic director of the Zurich Ballet, and is choreographing extensively for it as well as for other companies. It has earned such a good name that over 400 dancers applied for a job during the past year. Over 200 turned up at one audition alone. □



CHILDREN

THE STORY - A Moroccan folk-dance takes place in a luxurious dromedary puppets in traditional dress. (Train Theatre, Monday, Tuesday, 4 p.m.)

BOOKS, PUPPETS AND - With Betsy Diamant. Ages 3-6. (Israel Museum, Youth Wing, 4-6 p.m.)

RAIN AND STORY HOUR - With Betsy Diamant. Ages 3-6. (Israel Museum, 4-6 p.m.)

THE BEST OF THE HARE AND - By Ilan's Puppet. Ages 5 and above. (Train Theatre, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

THE ADVENTURES - Shadow play on ancient Indian story. For ages 5 and above. (Israel Museum, Youth Wing, 4-6 p.m.)

STORY HOUR - Menahem Regav reads. Ages 6-10. (Ticho House, Sunday, 4-6 p.m.)

THE BUTTERFLY - (Old Jaffa, 4-6 p.m.)

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ENTERTAINMENT

JERUSALEM AFTERNOON JAZZ - With Jim Stein. (Pargod, today, 1:30 till 4:30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish humorist, performed in English by Michael Schneider and Jeff Garner. (Hilton, tonight, 9:30.)

DANCE FREE - Express yourself through dance to all kinds of music. Moderators: Dina Gal, Miriam Iron. (ICC, Enck Refaim 12, buses 18, 14, 4, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAIKIVER - The humorous trio celebrate their 20th year together with excerpts from their first and second shows. Written by Shaike Ophir. (Sherover Theatre, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

"HAMOSAD LE'BIDUACH LEUMI" - New comedy with Gad Yagil and Motti Giladi. Directed by Leon Polakow. (Sherover Theatre, Monday, 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - The Platina Band. (Pargod, Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BARBERSHOP ENSEMBLE - Evening of nostalgia, humor and entertainment with the harmonious voices of Joe Roninelli, Jan Cohen, Howard Chisadale, Han Rubin and Alex Eshed. (Ticho House, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, Saturday, 8:30 p.m.)

Yael Levy - Sings old and new songs. (Zavta, tonight, 10)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE - A hilarious musical comedy, based on the Book of Ruth. Written and composed by Gladys Gewirtz. In English (Moriah Hotel, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

WHAT A TRAVEL AGENT WE HAVE - An evening of song and light patter with Leib Yaacov and Yitzhak Atlas, recounting the Jewish people's 4000 year global tour. In English. (Moriah Hotel, Tuesdays, 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM - See J'lem. (Yamit Hotel, 79 Hayarkon, tomorrow, 9:30 p.m.)

"BOSSEM" - Israeli top rock band. Hard rock from '60s and '70s. (Rock Café, 92 Herbert Samuel, Sundays from 9 p.m.)

CORINNE ALAL - Sings songs from her albums "Moteh" and "Forbidden Fruits." (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight, 11:45)

GEORGE AND JEANNIE - Jeannie Rabin sings George Gershwin. (Holon, Mofet, tonight 10)

"HAMOSAD LE'BIDUACH LEUMI" - See J'lem. (Holon, Rina, tonight 10; T.A., Beit Hahayal, Tuesday, 9 p.m.; Rehovot, Wix, Wednesday, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

HUMOUR AND SATIRE - Written by

Yoel Rippel. With Rippel, Mutzi Aviv and Dorin Caspi, and Yacov Tirosh on piano. (Herziya, Daniel Hotel, tonight, 10:30)

JAZZ - No details available. (Old Jaffa, Hasimah, tonight, midnight.)

MEIR ARIEL - Sings his songs. (Old Jaffa, Hasimah, tomorrow, 11 p.m.)

THE PUNCH BAND - The promising new rock band in their first performance. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Thursday, 9:30 p.m.)

ROCK'N'ROLL - With "Lissin" in their show "Your Prisoner Tonight." (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow, 10 p.m.)

SARALE SHARON'S SING ALONG - Song evening hosting some of Israel's best voices and choirs. Sarale Sharon hosts Na'ava Bar-Niv of Afikim. (Beit Leissin, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

SING ALONG - With Ellie Netzer and his guests, the Parvarim Duo and Osnat Paz, accompanied on piano by Shimon Cohen. (ZOA House, 1 Pith, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

SHOLOMO ARTZI - Sings his well-known songs. (Zavta, tonight, 11)

TZAVTA VIDEO CLUB - Moderator Yacov Kutner. No details available. (Zavta, Thursday, 11 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - The "Kav 4" Band - vocal jazz. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday, 10 p.m.)

"WIENER MELANGE" - Austrian playwright and actor Guenter Seidl reads from works by Peter Altenberg, Alfred Polgar, Anton Kuh, Friedrich Torberg and from his own works. (In German.) (Beit Hasofer, Thursday, 7 p.m.)

YAFFA YARKONI - Songs of Erez Yisrael. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

Halfa - "HAMOSAD LE'BIDUACH LEUMI" - See J'lem. (Auditorium, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

"OPERA SHIGA'ON" - (Lend Me A Tenor) A local production of Ken Ludwig's comedy of errors about a famous opera singer who comes to perform in a small town. A "Marginalia" production, directed by Israel Gurion. Starring Tuvia Tsafir, Sasson Gabai, Osnat Vishinski, Misha Natan, Nira Rabinowitz, Gilat Ankor, Itzik Aloni and Hanny Nahmias. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Ha'am, tonight, 10)

"WIENER MELANGE" - See T.A. (Maon Reuth, Hatishbi 84, Wednesday, 7 p.m.)

Others - **APPLES OF GOLD** - Film recounting the history of the Jewish people. (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.)

"OPERA SHIGA'ON" - See Halfa. (Afula, Heichal Hatarbut, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

Jerusalem

JERUSALEM - Before and right after the Six Day War, seen by local photographers on both sides, selected by Vivienne Silver. (Israel Museum.)

3500 YEARS OF CHINESE CERAMICS - over 350 superb examples from the Sackler Collection. Till Nov. (Sperius Galleries, Israel Museum.)

WONDEROUS INDIA - Art and folk art, with dressing up for kids and Indian dancing and puppet shows. Till Dec. (Israel Museum Youth Wing.)

YEHUDA LEV ALDEMA - Collage paintings of pomegranates. Till Nov. 3. (Jerusalem Artists House.)

MIXED BAG - Of works by Streichman, Kupferman, Hadany, Ben-Shaul, Nahum Gutman. (Schatz Gallery, Rehov Schatz, Tel. 222432.)

IN ANOTHER MEDIUM - Works by Michu Ullman, David Ben Shaul, Uri Lifshitz, Ofer Leleouche, Paul Kor and Dani Karavan in mediums other than their usual ones. Till Nov. 15. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery.)

ETHIOPIAN ARTISTS - working in clay. Till Nov. 27. (House of Quality, 12 Derech Hebron.)

MIRIAM NEIGER - "Over the Rainbow." Installation. Till Nov. 11. (Alka Brown Galleries, 6 Yad Harutim, Tel. 721453.)

ISLAMIC JEWELLERY - From the 7th to the 19th century, including the Hurari Collection. (Mayer Institute for Islamic Art, 2 Palmach, Tel. 61291.)

RUTH MORAM - oil paintings; TUVIA BEERI - etchings; MOSHE SHNEUR - retrospective; HANNAH ESHEL - mixed-media works devoted to the Carra carraes. Till Nov. 3. Also "Etching Procedures," till Nov. 24.

TEL AVIV AREA - **TREASURES OF THE BIBLE LANDS** - The Elie Borowski Collection of ancient archaeology from the Near East. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd. Tel. 257361.)

SUPREME COURT BUILDING - is shown in its competition stage with accompanying architectural models and texts discussing the alternatives and the decisions. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd. Tel. 257361.)

NEW BEZALAL - The Academy from 1935 to 1955. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.)

DEGANIT BREST, TZIBI GEVA, MICHAEL NEEMAN and YASCHA CHIRINSKY - Recent works. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glukson, Tel. 295473.)

BERNARD REDER - Retrospective exhibit of popular expressionist sculptor to commemorate 90 years since his birth. Till Dec. 2. (Herziya Museum, Yad Lebanim.)

BENNY EFRAI - New works dealing with life in the year 2000 plus. (Museum of Israeli Art, Ramat Gan, Abba Hillel Silver 144.)

MOSHE AND SHULA SHEK - Clay animal sculptures by him and a contemporary range of jewellery designs by her. (Horace Richter Gallery, 24 Simat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa. Tel. 825842.)

MICHAEL BAR-AM - Spaces in rhythm and lines, drawings. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 4 Nativ Hamazalot, Old Jaffa.)

URI KATZENSTEIN - Sculptures by Tel Aviv artist recently returned from the U.S. Till Oct. 28. (Dvir Gallery, 26 Gordon, Tel. 232003.)

RACHEL RABINOVITZ - Ink drawings on paper. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 25 Dow Hwy, Tel. 232533.)

IRIT BLUZER - Landscape documents in paint. Till Oct. 27. (Binet Gallery, 63 Ben Yehuda.)

ANNA TICHIO - Drawings by the late Israeli master of the landscape. Till Nov. 11. (Mishkan La'Omanut, 31 Hartzfeld, Holon, Tel. 882244.)

ABBA FENICHAL - Collection of works by late Israeli painter. (Beit Anella, Shuar Zion Municipal Library, King Saul Blvd.)

MOSHE SEGEN - shows surreal photographs. Till Nov. 14. (Moadon for Photography, 12 Esther Hamalka.)

YORAM KUPERMINTZ - Recent paintings by a member of Rega. Till Nov. 15. (Rega Gallery, 113 Herzl, Tel. 829694.)

DAPNA COHEN - New works in small scale. Till Oct. 29. (Maimud Katan, Ditzengoff Centre, Tel. 285922.)

ZVILIA ZILKOVITCH - Artistic coloured photographs of Tel Aviv. (Rubin House, 14 Bialik, Tel. 658961.)

SYBIL SHAPIRO - "Focus on Jaffa," photographs of the area. Till Oct. 31. (Gallery 13/2, 13 Hadadim, Jaffa.)

NEW FACES - Arnon, Ben Hoshen, Weiss, Shamai. Till Oct. 29. (Touch Wood Gallery, 246 Ditzengoff.)

E. MIRTA - shows paintings. (100 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 237687.)

DOV OR-NER - Shows recent drawings. Opens Oct. 26. (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pines, Tel. 450202.)

GAUL KLAZNER - Paintings. Opens Oct. 27. (Rogashov, 60 Bogachov, Tel. 293429.)

NAFTALI SALOMON - Oils, acrylics and drawings. Till Dec. 26. (Yad Lebanim, Petah Tikva, Tel. 9223450.)

HAROLD RUBIN - 22 drawings titled "Anatomy." Opens Oct. 29. (Zavta Gallery, 30 Ben Gvirol, Tel. 250156.)

ODED FEINGERSH - "Small People," new paintings. Till Nov. 13. (Tiroche Gallery, 25 Gordon, Tel. 249623.)

KALMAN SHEMI - New works in honour of Heichal Hatarbut's 30th anniversary. Till Nov. 14. (Mann Auditorium, Mon., Tue., Wed. from 13:00 to 18:00.)

DAVID BLAZER - Sculptures. Till Nov. 16. (Kishor Five Gallery, 5 Kishor, Tel. 673448.)

ORIT FIDELMAN-LIVNE - Paintings from '87. Till Nov. 12. (Maimud Visual Art Gallery, 27 Pisker, Tel. 294374.)

ADINA GELEHRTER - Paintings. Till Nov. 8. (13/2 Gallery, 13 Hadadim, Jaffa.)

PAMELA LEVY - Figurative paintings. Till Nov. 6. (Artifact Gallery, 43 Nachmani.)

OFER LELOUCHE - Retrospective of graphic works. Till Nov. 15. (French Institute, 115 Hayarkon, Tel. 236470.)

Halfa/North

ATELIER MOURLOT, PARIS - Collection of lithographs by famous 20th-century artists produced in this noted workshop. (Haifa Museum of Modern Art, 26 Shabtai Levy, Tel. 523255.)

MANE KATZ - Drawings, including a series of self portraits from the 1940s. Till Nov. (Mane Katz Museum, Haifa. Tel. 83482.)

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CHILDREN

THE STORY - A Moroccan folk-dance takes place in a luxurious dromedary puppets in traditional dress. (Train Theatre, Monday, Tuesday, 4 p.m.)

BOOKS, PUPPETS AND - With Betsy Diamant. Ages 3-6. (Israel Museum, Youth Wing, 4-6 p.m.)

RAIN AND STORY HOUR - With Betsy Diamant. Ages 3-6. (Israel Museum, 4-6 p.m.)

THE BEST OF THE HARE AND - By Ilan's Puppet. Ages 5 and above. (Train Theatre, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

THE ADVENTURES - Shadow play on ancient Indian story. For ages 5 and above. (Israel Museum, Youth Wing, 4-6 p.m.)

STORY HOUR - Menahem Regav reads. Ages 6-10. (Ticho House, Sunday, 4-6 p.m.)

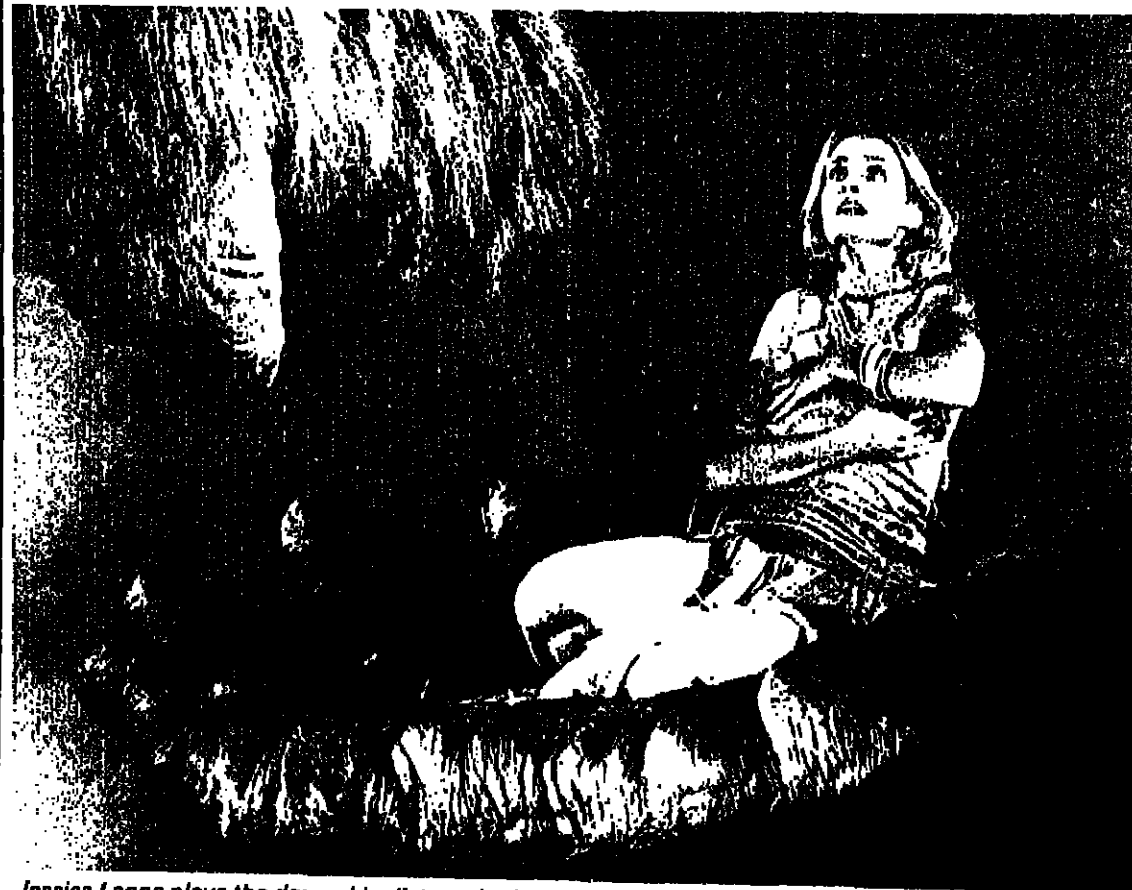
THE BUTTERFLY - (Old Jaffa, 4-6 p.m.)

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THE BUTTERFLY - (Old Jaffa, 4-6 p.m.)

Greer Fay Cashman



Jessica Lange plays the damsel in distress in the remake of 'King Kong.'

Due to the strike at Israel Television and Israel Radio, Choice Pickings for the week ahead are limited to METV and ETV.

Friday

16.30 - **Back to Bataan**, John Wayne and Anthony Quinn star. A colonel forms a guerrilla army on Luzon, and leads a raid on the Japanese to help the Americans land in Leyte, METV.

Saturday

16.30 - **Blood on the Moon**. Robert Mitchum and Barbara Bel Geddes co-star in a classic Western about good guys being the victims, METV.

21.00 - **The Benny Goodman Story**. Believe it or not, the famous band leader fell in love with a girl who didn't like jazz. Donna Reed plays the girl and Steve Allen, Goodman, METV.

Sunday

21.00 - **Intermezzo**. Leslie Howard, a married concert violinist, and Ingrid Bergman, his daughter's music teacher, try to escape responsibility and give expression to their love, METV.

Monday

15.55 - **The Prisoner**, nine-part serial on ETV about a secret agent imprisoned in a place from which there is no escape.

16.30 - **The Bride Walks Out**. A hot-headed engineer thinks that two people can live on \$35 a week. His fiancée is willing to try, but doubts that it will work. Stars Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck, METV.

Tuesday

14.05 - **Kim**, the film adaptation on ETV of the Rudyard Kipling classic about an orphaned English boy raised in India by a native woman.

16.30 - **Double Dynamite**. Groucho Marx and Jane Russell star in this zany film about a bank clerk who gets a thousand-dollar reward for saving a gangster's life and is subsequently suspected of theft, METV.

Wednesday

16.30 - **Flying Leathernecks**. John Wayne and Robert Ryan star in this film about friendship in times of war, METV.

Thursday

16.30 - **King Kong**, the famous giant ape captures a woman and is ready to destroy an army to keep her. Bruce Cabot and Fay Wray star, METV.

...and next Friday

16.30 - **A Likely Story**, with Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, METV.

Video fare Sarah Honig

DESPITE its often justified reputation for materialism, there is one sphere where the Israeli's acquisitive drive is dormant -- videotapes. Videotape shops are not common in this country and most Israelis are content to rent rather than buy -- quite the opposite from their attitude to apartments. But as with the latter, the cause of it all is habit and an innate conservatism.

The average VCR owner is happy to rent an amazing number of movies per week, or at most to record (but not necessarily keep) the rare worthwhile offering on ITV. (METV's golden oldies are often unrecordable due to bad reception.)

Against the odds, pre-recorded video cassettes are making a hesitant debut into the market. The only major video distribution firm to take the plunge is Hed Artzi, which last April came out with a trial package of 20 movies offered for NIS 39 a cassette.

Hed Artzi's deputy director-general, Sam Shachar, told *The Post*: "We are still at the experimental phase. So far sales figures have proved a pleasant surprise. I can't say that this is a runaway success story, but it's not bad considering that we are up against a conservative local mentality which we must change to do well."

Shachar argues that when the home video market got off the ground in this country



'West Side Story' - a classic film, now available on video.

around 1982, it was exclusively based on rentals. Israelis got used to renting movies and never gave a second thought to any other way of enjoying their VCRs.

"Our basic premise," says Shachar, "is that a video cassette is much like a book. It is a different form of communication, but other than that not all that different. Just as the family buys books for its home library, so there is no reason why choice films should not be available for repeated viewing at leisure by the entire family. Our aim is to get the Israeli to regard a video cassette as he does a book. He can borrow from the library but he can also build up his own collection of favourites at home, for a cost not all that much greater than that of a book."

Shachar argues that when the home video market got off the ground in this country

The first 20-cassette package which Hed Artzi released is still available in record and video shops and includes such classics as *West Side Story*, *High Noon*, *Citizen Kane* and *Gunga Din*, along with *Dr. No*, *Private Benjamin* and lots of *Looney Tunes* for the kids. "I tried to shape the package so that the films would be suitable for family viewing and as evergreens, watchable 20 years from now. Another package will be out in December and it will include *Fiddler on the Roof*, *The Alamo*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Woodstock* and *To Russia With Love*," Shachar reports.

YET WHILE Hed Artzi is the first video wholesaler trying to change habits, it was preempted in video sales by a retailer. Catering to a select

Tel Aviv clientele rather than seeking to change attitudes, Beit Hataklit, one of Tel Aviv's foremost record emporiums, has been retailing video cassettes for the past five years, though the operation only took off recently. Proprietress Avital Sabbag says she got the idea for video sales "when I saw what a hot item they were abroad and I must say we are doing a very lively business with them here too. Our clientele love them. People buy cassettes like they do records."

Beit Hataklit's offerings include Hed Artzi's cassettes, which are imported from England without being translated. They are available exclusively at the Rehov Pinsker store, with the exception of some music cassettes which are distributed through record shops in other cities.

For all intents and purposes Beit Hataklit provides the shopper with the entire range of cassettes on the British market. Whatever cannot be found on the well-stocked shelves can be ordered through catalogues with an average delivery time of a fortnight. All top British distribution labels are available; British rather than American simply because our TV system is incompatible with the latter. Plenty of American films are available.

Stock includes a treasure trove of TV classics. True,

there are no *Honeymooners* (or other USA-made TV goodies), but there are four *Fawlty Towers* cassettes, each featuring three side-splitting episodes, for NIS 29 a cassette. British TV nostalgia-stirrers range from numerous *Hancock* and *Monty Python* cassettes to *Life on Earth* and *The World at War*, BBC dramas, the pilot for *Dempsey and Makepeace*, and lots more.

The children's selection is especially impressive although these cassettes are sometimes short and require fluency in English. Film buffs can choose from Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, and Danny Kaye, as well as all 13 zany *Carry On* titles. Music videos include pop, classical and opera. If sports or the British royal family are more your cup of tea, there is plenty to imbibe.

Then there are the "how to" tapes which help you keep in shape (with Jane Fonda, of course), cook, paint, train the dog, stop smoking, tend the garden, massage, teach the kids to read and swim, and learn French.

Beit Hataklit offers viewing facilities for those who want to see what they are buying. Prices start at NIS 29, with the average film at the lower end of the price scale. The less costly titles are generally in stock but the store will order any cassette its customers pick. It's the next best thing to enjoying the variety of videos available abroad. □

Friday, October 23 - Friday, October 30



Anthony Quinn stars in *Back to Bataan*, METV, 16.30

EDUCATIONAL TV
8.00 Teletext 8.05 Keep Fit 8.15 School broadcasts 13.15 Everyman's University broadcasts 13.45 Teletext 13.50 This is It (repeat) 14.30 Fabien de la Drame (part 5) 15.20 The Portion of the Week 16.00 A New Evening - Shabbat magazine

ISRAEL TV CHANNEL 2
19.00 Concert 2 19.45 This is Your Life - Ya'akov Hazan (part 2) 21.00 Pop 2

JORDAN TV (unofficial)
17.00 French Hour 18.30 News in Hebrew 19.00 News in Arabic 19.30 The Cosby Show 20.00 Weekly Review 20.15 Against the Wind 21.00 News in English 21.20 Supertrain

MIDDLE EAST TV
13.00 Journey Thru Cartoonland 13.30 Death Valley Days 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Muppet Babies 15.30 Super Book 16.00 Fraggle Rock 16.30 Afternoon Movie: Back to Bataan 16.00 Fat Albert 16.30 Family Ties 19.00 News 20.00 Fall Guy 21.00 Arabic Movie 22.30 Good News

ARMY
6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes - songs, information 7.07 707 8.00 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning 10.05 Music 11.05 Right Now 13.05 Hebrew hits 14.05 Daily sounds 15.05 Festival songs 16.05 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Economics Magazine 19.05 Sports Magazine 21.30 University on the Air (repeat) 22.00 Popular songs 23.05 The 24th Hour 00.05 Night Birds - songs, chat

ARMY TWO
9.05 Songs of Rebel Shapira 12.05 Hit songs 14.05 Hebrew songs 17.05 Love songs

THE VOICE OF PEACE

Regular daily programmes
3.00 6.00 Nightbeat
15.00 16.00 Kessah Programme
18.00 19.30 Twilight Time
19.30 21.00 Classical Music



Barbara Bel Geddes stars in *Blood on the Moon*, METV, 16.30

ISRAEL TV CHANNEL 2
19.00 Sport 20.00 Shabbat songs 20.30 Kibbutz Magazine 21.00 Pop 2

JORDAN TV (unofficial)
16.30 Cartoons 17.00 French Hour 18.30 News in Hebrew 19.00 News in Arabic 19.30 Just Good Friends 20.10 Variety Show 21.00 News in English 21.20 Feature film

MIDDLE EAST TV
13.00 Woody Woodpecker 13.30 Blendo Six 14.00 Dennis the Menace 14.30 World of the Sox 15.00 Those Amazing Animals 16.00 Facts of Life 16.30 Afternoon Movie: Blood on the Moon 18.00 Wide World of Sports 19.00 Soccer 20.00 Wrestling 21.00 Movie: The Benny Goodman Story 23.00 700 Club 23.30 Another Life

ARMY
6.10 Morning Sounds 7.05 Hebrew songs 9.05 Happy Choir - children's programme 10.05 A Taste of the Past 11.05 True Picture 12.05 Encore 13.05 Personal Questions - Ya'akov Agmon talks with David Kimche, former director general of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs 14.05 It all flows 15.05 Cinema Magazine 17.05 Books Gentlemen, Books 18.05 Road Report 20.05 Foreign Language Hit Parade 21.00 Mabat - TV newscast 21.30 No Quiet Night 22.05 On Jewish Tradition 23.05 The Making of a State 00.05 Night Birds - songs, chat

ARMY TWO
9.05 Songs of Rebel Shapira 12.05 Hit songs 14.05 Hebrew songs 17.05 Love songs

1322 Kiloertz:
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BBC



Ingrid Bergman stars in *Intermezzo*, METV, 21.00

EDUCATIONAL TV
8.00 Teletext 8.05 Keep Fit 8.15 School broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.05 Everyman's University broadcasts 15.00 Surprise Train 15.20 Mrs. Pepperpot 16.40 Keep Fit 16.50 Teletext 16.55 Rehov Sumsum 16.25 Small Wonder 17.00 A New Evening - live magazine

ISRAEL TV CHANNEL 2
19.00 Shmil the Cat 19.30 Allegro 20.00 Second Look 21.00 Pop 2

JORDAN TV (unofficial)
16.30 Cartoons 17.00 French Hour 18.30 News in Hebrew 19.00 News in Arabic 19.30 Charles in Charge 20.10 Documentary 21.00 News in English 21.20 Love Boat 22.10 The Equalizer

MIDDLE EAST TV
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Muppet Babies 15.30 Super Book 16.00 Fraggle Rock 16.30 Afternoon Movie: The Bride Walks Out 16.30 Happy Days 18.30 Laverne & Shirley 19.00 News 20.00 Magnum P.I. 21.00 Monday Night Football 23.00 Club 23.30 Another Life

ARMY
6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes - songs, information 7.07 707 8.00 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning 10.05 Music 11.05 Right Now 13.05 Hebrew hits 14.05 Daily sounds 15.05 Festival songs 16.05 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Economics Magazine 19.05 Sports Magazine 21.30 University on the Air (repeat) 22.00 Popular songs 23.05 The 24th Hour 00.05 Night Birds - songs, chat

ARMY TWO
19.05 Radio Radio 20.05 Information, regards and radio games 22.05 Coffee Break 23.05 All That Jazz



Barbara Stanwyck stars in *The Bride Walks Out*, METV, 16.30

EDUCATIONAL TV
8.00 Teletext 8.05 Keep Fit 8.15 School broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.05 Kim - film adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's story 15.40 Keep Fit 16.00 Pretty Butterfly 16.25 The Transformers 17.00 A New Evening - live magazine

ISRAEL TV CHANNEL 2
19.00 Till Pop 20.00 Documentary 2 20.40 Dances 21.00 Pop 2

JORDAN TV (unofficial)
16.30 Cartoons 17.00 French Hour 18.30 News in Hebrew 19.00 News in Arabic 19.30 Kate 20.10 Falcon Crest 21.00 News in English 21.20 The A-Team

MIDDLE EAST TV
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Muppet Babies 15.30 Super Book 16.00 Fraggle Rock 16.30 Afternoon Movie: The Bride Walks Out 16.30 Happy Days 18.30 Laverne & Shirley 19.00 News 20.00 Magnum P.I. 21.00 Monday Night Football 23.00 Club 23.30 Another Life

ARMY
6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes - songs, information 7.07 707 8.00 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning 10.05 Music 11.05 Right Now 13.05 Hebrew hits 14.05 Daily sounds 15.05 Festival songs 16.05 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Economics Magazine 19.05 Sports Magazine 21.30 University on the Air (repeat) 22.00 Popular songs 23.05 The 24th Hour 00.05 Night Birds - songs, chat

ARMY TWO
19.05 Radio Radio 20.05 Information, regards and radio games 22.05 Coffee Break 23.05 All That Jazz



Peter O'Toole stars in *Kim*, ETV, 14.05

EDUCATIONAL TV
8.00 Teletext 8.05 Keep Fit 8.15 School broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.05 Kim - film adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's story 15.40 Keep Fit 16.00 Pretty Butterfly 16.25 The Transformers 17.00 A New Evening - live magazine

ISRAEL TV CHANNEL 2
19.00 Children's Problems 19.30 Music at Mishkanot 20.00 Entertainment programme with Meni 21.00 Pop 2

JORDAN TV (unofficial)
16.30 Cartoons 17.00 French Hour 18.30 News in Hebrew 19.00 News in Arabic 19.30 Brush Strokes 20.10 Ramington Steele 21.00 News in English 21.20 Social Feature

MIDDLE EAST TV
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Muppet Babies 15.30 Super Book 16.00 Fraggle Rock 16.30 Afternoon Movie: Double Dynamite 16.30 Star Trek 19.00 News 20.00 The A-Team 21.00 Newhart 22.00 The Equalizer 23.00 700 Club 23.30 Another Life

ARMY
6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes - songs, information 7.07 707 8.00 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning 10.05 Music 11.05 Right Now 13.05 Hebrew hits 14.05 Daily sounds 15.05 Festival songs 16.05 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Economics Magazine 19.05 Sports Magazine 21.30 University on the Air (repeat) 22.00 Popular songs 23.05 The 24th Hour 00.05 Night Birds - songs, chat

ARMY TWO
19.05 Radio Radio 20.05 Information, regards and radio games 22.05 Coffee Break 23.05 All That Jazz



John Wayne stars in *Flying Leathernecks*, METV, 16.30

EDUCATIONAL TV
8.00 Teletext 8.05 Keep Fit 8.15 School broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.05 Everyman's University broadcasts 15.00 David the Gnome 15.25 Doctors and Nurses (part 1) 16.40 Keep Fit 16.50 Teletext 16.55 Mrs. Pepperpot 16.10 Side Path 16.20 TV Game 17.00 A New Evening - live magazine

ISRAEL TV CHANNEL 2
19.00 Between Us 19.30 Entertainment 2 21.00 Pop 2

JORDAN TV (unofficial)
16.30 Cartoons 17.00 French Hour 18.30 News in Hebrew 19.00 News in Arabic 19.30 Valerie 20.10 Documentary 21.00 News in English 21.20 Dorothy L. Sayers Mysteries

MIDDLE EAST TV
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Muppet Babies 15.30 Super Book 16.00 Fraggle Rock 16.30 Afternoon Movie: Flying Leathernecks 16.30 Gimme a Break 18.30 The Campbell 18.30 News 20.00 Murder, She Wrote 21.00 Head of the Class 21.30 Newhart 22.00 The Equalizer 23.00 700 Club 23.30 Another Life

ARMY
6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes - songs, information 7.07 707 8.00 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning 10.05 Music 11.05 Right Now 13.05 Hebrew hits 14.05 Daily sounds 15.05 Festival songs 16.05 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Fathers and Sons (repeat) 19.00 Hebrew songs 20.05 Sara Doron's programme 21.00 Mabat - TV newscast 21.30 University on the Air (repeat) 22.00 Popular songs 23.05 The 24th Hour 00.05 Night Birds - songs, chat

ARMY TWO
19.05 Radio Radio 20.05 Information, regards and radio games 22.05 Coffee Break 23.05 All That Jazz



King Kong in the title role, METV 16.30

ISRAEL TV
EDUCATIONAL TV
8.00 Teletext 8.05 Keep Fit 8.15 School broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.05 No Secrets 14.30 Family Problems 15.10 Rehov Sumsum 15.40 Keep Fit 15.50 Teletext 16.00 This is It - live magazine 17.00 A New Evening - live magazine

ISRAEL TV CHANNEL 2
19.00 The Care Bears 19.30 Tazpit 20.00 Entertainment 2 21.00 Pop 2

JORDAN TV (unofficial)
16.30 Cartoons 17.00 French Hour 18.30 News in Hebrew 19.00 News in Arabic 19.30 Life's Most Embarrassing Moments 20.10 Indelible Evidence 21.00 News in English 21.20 Feature film

MIDDLE EAST TV
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Muppet Babies 15.30 Super Book 16.00 Fraggle Rock 16.30 Afternoon Movie: King Kong 18.00 News 19.00 News 20.00 Scarecrow and Mrs. King 21.00 Highway to Heaven 22.00 Moonlighting 23.00 700 Club 23.30 Another Life

ARMY
6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes - songs, information 7.07 707 8.00 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning 10.05 Music 11.05 Right Now 13.05 Hebrew hits 14.05 Daily sounds 15.05 Festival songs 16.05 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Economic Magazine 19.05 Hebrew songs 20.05 Three Generations at Nahlat (repeat) 21.30 University on the Air (repeat) 22.05 Popular songs 23.05 The 24th Hour 00.05 Night Birds - songs, chat

ARMY TWO
19.05 Radio Radio 20.05 Sports Magazine 22.05 Coffee Break 23.05 All That Jazz



Lisa Bonnet stars in *The Cosby Show*, Jordan TV, 19.30

EDUCATIONAL TV
8.00 Teletext 8.05 Keep Fit 8.15 School broadcasts 13.15 Everyman's University broadcasts 13.45 Teletext 13.50 This is It (repeat) 14.30 Fabien de la Drame (part 6) 15.20 The Portion of the Week 16.00 A New Evening - Shabbat magazine

JORDAN TV (unofficial)
17.00 French Hour 18.30 News in Hebrew 19.00 News in Arabic 19.30 The Cosby Show 20.00 Weekly Review 20.15 Against the Wind 21.00 News in English 21.20 Supertrain

MIDDLE EAST TV
13.00 Journey Thru Cartoonland 13.30 Death Valley Days 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Muppet Babies 15.30 Super Book 16.00 Fraggle Rock 16.30 Afternoon Movie: A Likely Story 18.00 Fat Albert 18.30 Family Ties 19.00 News 20.00 Fall Guy 21.00 Arabic Movie 22.30 Good News

ARMY
6.05 Morning Sounds 6.30 Open Your Eyes - songs, information 7.07 Morning Supplement 8.00 Good Morning Israel 9.05 Have a Good Time 11.05 Mama's Voice - special regards to soldiers 12.05 Sandals 14.05 Lands beyond the Seas - Ethiopia 16.05 Yossi Benel introduces his new record 16.05 Quiet songs 18.05 Sanders (part 2 repeat) 19.05 Sara Doron's programme 20.05 Music and radio games 22.05 Smoke in Your Eyes 00.05 Yosef Kutner's Radio and Translator Show

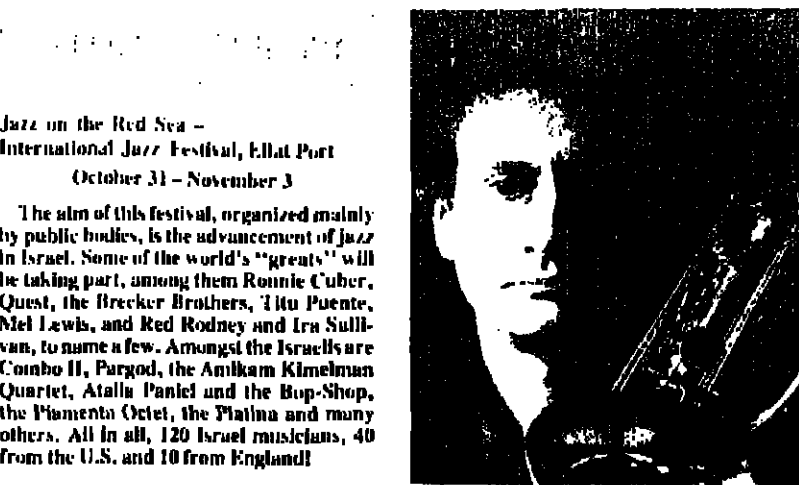
ARMY TWO
9.05 Songs of Rebel Shapira 12.05 Hit songs 14.05 Hebrew songs 17.05 Love songs

VOICE OF AMERICA NEWS SHOWS

1280 Kiloertz: 6-7 and 9-10 a.m. - Daily breakfast show with news, popular music and interviews. 6-30 p.m. - News round-up. 6-30 p.m. - VOA Magazine Show. 7-7.15 p.m. - News in Special English for Students of English. 12 midnight-1 a.m. - VOA World Report with news, background and analysis.

مكتبة الفيديو

The poster October 23-29



Jazz on the Red Sea - International Jazz Festival, Eilat Port October 31 - November 3

The aim of this festival, organized mainly by public bodies, is the advancement of jazz in Israel. Some of the world's "greats" will be taking part, among them Ronnie Cuper, Quest, the Brecker Brothers, Tito Puente, Mel Lewis, and Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan, to name a few. Amongst the Israeli acts are Combo II, Pargod, the Anikam Kimelman Quartet, Alalé, Pined and the Pop-Shop, the Flomonta Orke, the Talmia and many others. All in all, 120 Israeli musicians, 40 from the U.S. and 10 from England!

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BENEFIT CONCERT - For Unicef. The Hochschule Chamber Choir (Germany). Conductor Werner Neuber. Works by Scarlatti, Lasso, Berlioz, Verdi, Mendelssohn, others. (Mt Zion, Dormition Abbey, Wednesday)

ENSEMBLE MUSICA NOVA - Members of the Israel Philharmonic and Chamber Orchestras. Conductor Yoram Leef. Contemporary works for large chamber ensemble by Ben-Zion Oipal, Yehzekiel Brown, Edgar Varese, Ron Weidberg, Yoram Leef. (Israel Museum, Wednesday)

"ETNAHTA" - Shmuel Magen, cello; Galila Rayer, piano. Works by Mozart, Franck, Schumann, Messiaen, Scriabin (YMCA, Thursday, 10 p.m.)

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY - Concert for Violoncello and Harpsichord with Mark Diogen and Eli Froud. Works by Bach, Handel, Vivaldi. (Alliance Française, 8 Agran, Tuesday)

ISRAEL SINFONETTA BEERSHEBA - Conductor Mendi Rorkin. Soloists Mayumi Fujikawa, violin; Nohuko Imai, viola. Works by Schubert/Mohler String Quartet in D minor, "Death and the Maiden" - Orchestral Version, Mozart, De Falla. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, tomorrow)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Winfried Carling. "Venezia Evening" - Concert in the "Classical" Series. Works by Johann and Joseph Strauss, Kallman, others. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, Thursday)

THE NEW AMERICAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Musical Director: Mishu Rachlevsky. Guest artist: Arich Vardi, piano. Works by Rossini, Mozart, Schoenberg. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Tuesday)



Ofer Lethouche, etching (French Institute, Tel Aviv)

THE NEW ISRAELI OPERA - Conductor/plantist Zohar Neiman. "The Elf of Love" by Giacomo Donizetti, sung in Italian with screened Hebrew translation. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, tomorrow)

TRUMPET AND ORGAN RECITAL - Edward H. Tarr and Ingrid Kreuger (Germany) play works by Handel, Krebs, Bach, Eben, Weiner, others. (Old City, Redeemer Church, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area
MORNING CONCERT - The New American Chamber Orchestra in a special concert. Conductor Mishu Rachlevsky. Soloist Arich Vardi, piano. Works by Britten, Mozart, Bartok, Bartok. (Tzavta, tomorrow, 11:11 a.m.)

THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA - Conductor Samuel Lewis. Soloist Prima Sidman, piano. Works by Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Bizet, Tchaikovsky. (Netanya, Marcus Cultural Hall, Tuesday)

YUVAL CLUB - (Chana Hasharon, Yehonatan) Ofer Lethouche, violin; Tamar Leib, piano. Works by Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Messiaen, Franck. (Tonight, 10) The choir of the Israel Conservatory of Music, Tel Aviv sings a cappella works. (Tomorrow, 9 p.m.) Shmuel Magen, cello; Galila Rayer, piano. Works by Mozart, Messiaen, Schumann, Franck. (Monday, 9 p.m.)

Haifa

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Zubin Mehta. Soloist Rosalind Plowright. Works by Hindemith, Berlioz, Mozart, Liszt. (Auditorium, Sunday)

Beersheba

THE NEW ISRAELI OPERA - See J'lem. (Heichal Hatanbul, Wednesday, Thursday)



Red Rodney (left) and Ronnie Cuper - both playing at the Jazz on the Red Sea festival in Eilat.

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

A DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF - Moliere's social satire about the state of medicine, written in 1666, set in a present-day hospital in this Khan Theatre production. Translated by Ada Ben Nachum. Director Dan Ronen. (Khan, Monday through Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

A KANDINSKY-MUSSORGSKY EVENING - A Theatrical Collage of Painting, Design, Movement and Music. Wassy Kandinsky's synthesis of art forms based on Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," performed by students of the Berlin School of Arts. Includes the composer's song cycle "Sunless" for Baritone and Piano. (Sherover Theatre, tomorrow, 9 p.m.)

ORPHANS - Interesting things happen when a rich elegant man enters the lives of two orphans living on the fringe of society. Directed by Ilan Eldad. (Gerard Bohar, Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

RAT HUNT - By Peter Torin. Social satire in a municipal garbage dump. (Khan, tomorrow, 8:30 p.m.)

REMEMBRANCE - By Graham Reid. Set in terror-ridden Belfast, the play deals with the hatred between Catholics and Protestants, and an elderly couple who try to overcome religious hostility through their love for each other. A Cameri Theatre production. (Sherover Theatre, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BIG AS THE ROOM - A woman's inner world unfolded through telephone conversations. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight, 11)

CHAMDO AND SON - Tragi-comedy about two street sweepers and their night journey through the streets of a strange city in search of justice. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

THE CHINESE - Comedy by Murray Schisgal. Directed by Niko Nital. About a son who doesn't resemble his Chinese parents. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

CONFESSA BRONIA, SHUALLA AND POLLIE - Through dialogue with her audience and before their very eyes, Razia Israeli of the Cameri Theatre creates char-

acters from Israeli life. (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, tonight, 10)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. Hasimtah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Monday, 9 p.m.)

FAMILY ALBUM - By Natallu Yavin. Directed by Hanan Yavin. An ordinary family discovers the dangers of daily routine and loss of values. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight, 10; Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

"HAZMAN HATZAHOV" - Directed by Ella Alterman. Based on the book by David Grossman. Musical direction Miki Gavrielov. (Tzavta, tomorrow, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

HER FATHER'S SUMMER - Monodrama with Gila Almagor, based on an extract from her autobiography. The 10-year-old daughter of Holocaust survivors comes home from boarding school to spend the summer with her insane mother. A Beit Liessin/Haifa Municipal Theatre production, directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Beit Liessin, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

IN THE KITCHEN: Man is Not a Bird - Written and directed by Ruth Hazan. A kibbutz Theatre production. A day in the kibbutz kitchen and what happens to women who are "thrown" together. (Tzavta, Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

"KIDDUSH" - Drama written and directed by Shmuel Hasafi. A religious couple's marital crisis, set against the backdrop of the Six Day War and hinting at the changes in Israeli society. (Tzavta, Wednesday, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

MIRELE EFRAT - Habimah Theatre production. Adaptation of the famous Yiddish play by Jacob Gordin. (Habimah, Rovina, tomorrow, 6:45 and 9:30 p.m.; Sunday, 8:30 p.m.; Monday, 10 a.m., 8:30 p.m.)

A MONTH OF SUNDAYS - Comedy about two tenants of an old-age home and their escapade fantasies. A Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. (Beit Liessin, tomorrow, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

ORPHANS - See J'lem. (Beit Liessin, tonight, 9)

PAULA - Monodrama by Motti Lerner. Directed by Ram Levi. With Edna Fliedler. The character of Ben-Gurion revealed through the eyes of his wife. (Tzavta, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.)

"RAHAMIM RAHAMIM" - The tale of Israel's independence and inhabitants of the Jewish ghetto in Morocco prepare to leave. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

RAT HUNT - See J'lem. (Hatikva Quarter, Haifa Yosef, Beit Frankfurt, Tuesday, 8:30 p.m.)

THE ROTTEN HOUR OF SIX - By Hanoch Levine. Comedy in verse with Miriam Gavriel. (Beit Liessin, Upper City, tonight, 9)

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES - Moliere's marvel of comedy about Arnolphe, a pedant so scared of femininity that he imprisons a little girl and "trains" her for the job of wife. A Habimah Theatre production, directed by Laslo Marton. (Habimah, Meakin, tomorrow, 6:45 and 9:30 p.m.; Sunday through Thursday, 8:30 p.m.)

Haifa
HER FATHER'S SUMMER - See T.A. (Theatre Club, tomorrow through Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

Others
"HAZMAN HATZAHOV" - See T.A. (Sha'ar Hanegev, Wednesday, 9 p.m.)

HER FATHER'S SUMMER - See T.A. (Ashdod, Tzavta, tonight, 9:30)

THE MAINTENANCE MAN - Comedy by Richard Harris about a man's relationships with his ex-wife and girlfriend. (Givat Olga, tomorrow, 9 p.m.; Yeroham, Matnas, Sunday, 9 p.m.; Mazkeret Batya, Monday, 8:30 p.m.)

ONCE A GREAT LOVE - Eli Gorenstein in a cabaret with works by Israeli poets Avidan, Zach, Hali and Amitai. (Marom Galil, Thursday, 9 p.m.)

ORPHANS - See J'lem. (Afula, Mofet, Tuesday, 9 p.m.)

SPECIAL EVENT

(Irish Music, Country, Blues & Jazz Festival, Pargod Theatre, Jerusalem, tomorrow, 8 p.m.) A musical marathon into the night with Black Velvet (Irish music), The Taverners (American folk, country, jazz) and The Drunks Up Front.

Matters of taste Haim Shapiro

The White House, 3 Rehov Hillel. Tel. 02-242767. Kosher. Dairy. Open 8 a.m. to midnight.

SEVERAL months ago, an irate reader sent me a cutting from a British newspaper intimating that the shortest book in the world must be a guide to three-star restaurants in Israel.

Though I was hardly willing to defend the honour of Israel's culinary establishments, I was rather surprised that a British writer had to look so far afield for a lack of gastronomic expertise.

My thoughts have been dwelling on three-star restaurants because I have spent the last three months travelling through Western Europe, including over a month's stay in France. Not, I might add, that I actually visited any three-star establishments; my budget was far too limited for that, but I did enjoy reading about them in my Michelin Guide.

About the only places to which I could aspire were the restaurants

marked with a red R, indicating that they were excellent value for money. In terms of my own budget, this meant that they were only very expensive, rather than astronomical.

When the father of three small children travels with his family, his thoughts are centred, not on haute cuisine, but on finding clean, reasonably priced eating places offering a sufficient choice to enable his brood to satisfy themselves and obtain an acceptable amount of nourishment. At best, one can hope to avoid too many visits to the fast food chains.

If we did have good meals, it was usually quite by accident, in places we came upon by chance, sometimes even in hotels and camping sites.

IT WAS THUS with a certain amount of relief that I returned to Israel. Eating out might not be such an adventure, but at least you can feed the kids knowing that you probably won't find yourself paying top prices for food they leave un-

HOME COOKING

touched on the table.

I was unfamiliar with The White House which opened while I was away, but it appeared to be the sort of place that would satisfy us and I was not disappointed.

I must, however, report that the mushroom pie which I ordered was transformed into a mushroom pizza in the waitress's pad. Since the pizza looked good and I was hungry, I didn't send it back. In fact, the pizza might be described as a sort of pie since it was a pastry crust, with a thick tomato and cheese topping. The most pleasant surprise of all was that it had been made with fresh mushrooms.

I have often complained bitterly when served tinned mushrooms, especially in restaurants that had pretensions to serving elegant food. As I voiced those complaints, I would often recall the fresh mushrooms that were served as a matter of

course throughout Western Europe. On my recent trip, however, I found that the fresh mushroom was a rare object in most restaurants. This made me all the happier to find it in Israel.

The youngest of my companions ordered onion soup, a thick, rich brew with lots of onions, croutons and melted cheese. It was not hoo-by-trapped, as we had once found, with a barely cooked egg in the middle. But it did seem to be overly salty, a result, no doubt, of over-enthusiastic use of soup powder.

The soup was served with two fresh rolls and a little pot of garlic butter, which served to take the edge off the hunger for all three of my eating partners.

Another of my companions ordered the potato pancakes with apple sauce, a dish that proved curiously. The fact that the dish had been listed as "latkes" and that they were served with apple sauce led me, if not my young companion, to imagine that he would receive the traditional Eastern European version

made with potatoes and onions. What he got was a sort of Middle Eastern vegetable rissole, heavily seasoned with turmeric. He seemed quite happy with this culinary anomaly and was equally satisfied with the cucumber and tomato salad served alongside, although it was devoid of any seasoning.

The third of my companions ordered a plain pizza, which was much the same as mine, except that it lacked the mushrooms.

We drank pure, unadulterated water, a drink that I have come to appreciate, especially when eating with youngsters and any thoughts of ordering beer or wine are immediately offset by the fact that if I do, they will immediately demand some sort of fizzy sweet stuff.

The White House, which is also a bakery outlet, has a large selection of cakes, but we did without dessert, with the result that our lunch came to a very reasonable NIS 20 for the four of us.

All in all there's no place like home.

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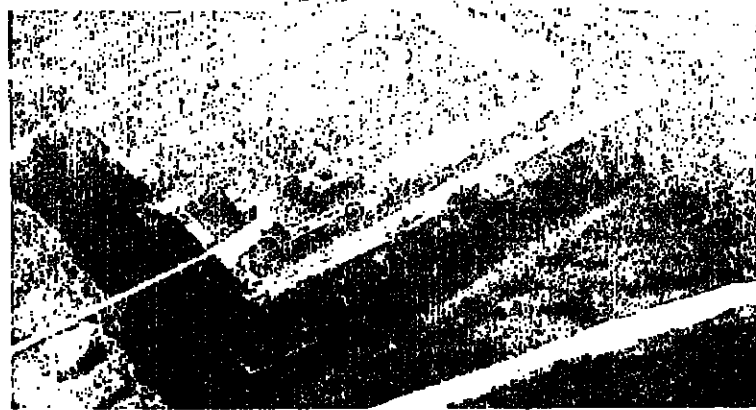
AN EXCITING JOURNEY INTO BIBLICAL TIMES

Travelling hopefully Mike Rogoff

ON THE 12th of August, a last month, the Crusader, after almost a century of European control, the Holy City of Jerusalem fell to the Muslims.

In July of that year the Knights of Christendom had been routed by the forces of the Muslim ruler Saladin at the Horn of Hattin, west of Tiberias. Crusader resistance, never entirely unified at the best of times, crumbled. Piece by piece the kingdom of Jerusalem was dismantled, leaving, in the end, only the city of Tyre (in modern Lebanon) to keep a toe-hold in the region. In the Holy Land itself, one castle alone stood firm — Belvoir.

Its name, "fair view" in medieval French, was, if anything, an understatement. Perched a magnificent 540 metres above the Jordan Valley floor, midway between the Sea of Galilee and Beit She'an, the fortress was designed around 1140 as a crucial link in the chain of Crusader border defences. It overlooked two important fords of the Jordan River



Belvoir - 'a daunting front to any would-be attacker.'

STAR OF THE WIND

The Knights of St. John of the Hospital acquired Belvoir in 1168, and set about rebuilding it on a grand scale. Founded on solid basalt bedrock, surrounded by a moat on three sides and a steep hillside on

the fourth, and designed powerfully for in-depth defence — a fortress within a fortress, in fact — it must have presented a daunting front to any would-be attacker.

Following the debacle at the Horns of Hattin and the subsequent fall, one after another, of Crusader strongholds throughout the country, Belvoir was put under siege. Its population of some 50 knights and 500-odd retainers was apparently undismayed by its increasing isolation. Their defence was hardly passive, fatalistic, or even complacent within their insurmountable ramparts. Sallying forth unexpectedly in full formation, or creeping quietly out of hidden postern gates, they attacked their Muslim foes, raiding their encampments and sacking their supply caravans.

Belvoir had been designed for just such an aggressive role. Its pentagonal outer configuration and square inner one, a variation of the "castrum" pattern once so beloved of the Romans, made for convenient

access and egress. And its approachable location on the edge of the Plain of Issachar was as much to the advantage of a fast-moving strike force from within the castle, as to an enemy army from without.

It is significant that the later-revived but emasculated 13th-century Crusader kingdom abandoned this aggressive role, and with more paranoia than panache, either clung to the coastline or built their fortresses for defence alone.

As the siege wore on, even Saladin's personal generosity was to no avail. The difficult terrain and an unusually harsh winter complicated the besiegers' task. Eighteen months of siege passed before Muslim sappers finally undermined an outer wall, and although the inner castle had by no means been won, the knights were persuaded that their days were numbered. Terms were struck, the castle was surrendered, and in a fine act of medieval chivalry, Saladin saluted the Crusaders' courage with a grant of safe

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EXHIBITION
1. JEWS ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON, PHOTOGRAPHS: SERGIO ZALIS — in the Gurstern-Shamir Hall.

EVENTS
1. Evening of songs in Ladino performed by the guest-group "Birds of Spain" from Turkey. Introduction in Hebrew: Dr. Avner Bahat and Mr. Avner Peretz. Sunday, October 26, 1987, at 8:00 pm. Tickets: NS 20; for members of the Association of Friends NS 15.

2. Screening of the film "Trains." A story of the rescue of Bulgarian Jews during the Second World War. Director: Haim Oliver. The film is in Bulgarian and in German. Monday, October 26, 1987, at 7 pm. Tickets: NS 5; for members of the Association of Friends NS 4.

3. Screening of the film "Mirlo Efrat." The film is based on the play by Jacob Gordin. Director: Joseph Barne. Actors: Berta Gersten, Michael Rosenberg, Ruth Elbaum. The film is in Yiddish. Tuesday, October 27, 1987 at 7:00 pm. Tickets: NS 5; for members of the Association of Friends NS 4.

4. From Beth Hatefutsoth's Film Library: "The People of the Book" — about a small Jewish community in Winnipeg, Western Canada, 1970; "Jewish Canadians" — the history of the Jewish community in Canada and its role in saving Jews in the Second World War; "The Street" — an animation film about Canadian Jewish life based on a story by Mordechai Richler. The films are in English. Wednesday, October 28, 1987, at 7 pm. Admission free.

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passage, flags unfurled, to Tyre.

The Muslim restoration of Belvoir was short-lived; and its burban and baileys, porticulis grooves and postern gates — some of the country's finest — lay dismantled and unmanned for centuries. Its stark exposure to the gusts that often whip through the ruined refectory and vaulted halls has given the place its poetic Arabic name: Kaukab el-Hawa, the Star of the Wind.

THE CRUSADERS were not the first to occupy the site. Seven hundred metres southeast of the fortress, archaeologists uncovered remains of earlier settlements. Modest evidence from the biblical period has been tentatively related to the Levitic city of Yarmut in the tribal territory of Issachar (Joshua 21).

Also possible, though uncertain, is the identification of the site with the Second Temple town of Agrippina, named after the wife of Claudius Caesar. The Talmud, reflecting the earlier reality of Temple days, speaks of the fire beacons which were lit on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem to announce the new month. The message was relayed from one mountain-top to another, "... from Sartaba to Agrippina, and from Agrippina to Hauran..." (Rosh Hashana 2:4), and so on out towards Babylon.

But if the earlier periods are obscured by the mists of time, the third-fourth century CE town of Kochav or Kachiba (whence the modern Hebrew site-name: Kochav Hayarden, Star of the Jordan) reaches out clearly across the centuries.

Many well-cut basalt stones, found both *in situ* and in secondary use in the Crusader castle, are evidence of the active Jewish community here in the days of the Talmud. A broken synagogue lintel found at the site (but not seen there now) displays a seven-branched menorah, two synagogue arks, an incense shovel, and an Aramaic inscription.

The donors to the synagogue would not be happy today. Their generosity in contributing "this lintel from their own and from public funds" is noted but the damage to the lintel has lost their names for ever. "Amen. Amen. Selah."

AS WEAPONRY changes, so do military tactics. But the strategic importance of high ground, of passes and river fords, remains. On May 15, 1948, the day after Israel had been declared a state, invading Iraqi forces crossed the Jordan River by the same fords the Crusaders had guarded 800 years earlier. The Iraqis, too, recognized the dominance of the fortress of Belvoir high on the crest of the hill. Their complacent ascent towards the presumably unoccupied stronghold was repulsed by Israeli forces who had beaten them to it.

The new-born state had virtually no heavy military equipment. Two newly-arrived, old-fashioned French cannons were positioned at Belvoir. Immediately dubbed "Napoleonchiks" (one is displayed in downtown Tiberias), they began harassing the Iraqi forces near Kibbutz Geshar in the Jordan Valley below.

Remarkably, considering they had arrived unequipped with gun-sights, they scored a direct hit on an Iraqi vehicle, and the dismayed invaders withdrew across the river to regroup. The concrete shell of the devastated Naharayim hydro-electric plant on the Jordan River stands as witness to those days when the fate of the Jewish state hung in the balance.

Cinema Dan Fainaru



Alona Kimchi and Amos Lavi in 'Himmo, King of Jerusalem'... 'barely scratches the surface of the complex relationships.'

BEDSIDE MANNERS

THE ROAD to hell, we know, is paved with good intentions. This surely applies to the favourite highway of the Israeli cinema when it does not try to grab quick profits from inferior products, even when it feels truly impelled to say something relevant and important. It all too often falls flat on its face. Which is even more painful, since you perceive that there are some noble and rewarding things that are only hinted at, but never quite manage to emerge into full daylight.

Take *Himmo, King of Jerusalem*. There are those who consider Yoram Kaniuk's novel a milestone in Hebrew literature. Set in a Jerusalem monastery converted into a military hospital during the siege of the city in 1948, it can easily be interpreted as encompassing much more than the specific Israeli experience of that moment. It refers to any war, at any time, in any place. An angelic blonde nurse descends into this hell of human suffering, discovers the real nature of pain, anxiety and fear, faces deep wounds that are even more emotional than physical; and learns that neither science nor devotion will suffice to cure them.

Amos Guttman, the man who decided to turn this story into a film, was evidently attracted by the similarity to his own world of marginals, damned souls rejected by society and doomed to their own misery, without a hope of relief.

However, the situation here is drastically different to start with because, for the first time, he uses somebody else's story, not his own. And if he deals with outcasts, living in a different kind of universe from our own, this is not because of their sexual or social preferences, which left them no choice, as in his past films, *Drifting* and *Bar 51*, but be-

cause they are victims of other people's national and political passions. They are not to blame for being where they are: society prefers them to be there, away from the eyes that might be disturbed by the sight of their condition. They were sent to defend this society, and in the process they have been maimed. Until they are at least prepared to pretend that they are ready to reintegrate, no one really wishes to see them.

Shut away inside the great walls of a monastery which looks more like a demonic castle, and whose religious character is indicated only by the presence of a nun and the ringing bells, they try to rescue themselves from their own pits of dejection and despair.

Plot, in the accepted sense of the word, is almost non-existent. Nothing really happens, unless one counts the changes in mood and disposition of the characters, from one scene to the next.

For most of the time, the camera is locked inside the ward. The visual possibilities are limited, and the demands made on the director, the scriptwriter, the cameraman and the editor are overwhelming. Nothing less than absolute control would suffice here.

If you were Sidney Lumet in his prime, doing *Twelve Angry Men*, or Robert Altman using a brilliant play like *Streamers*; if you had their kind of cast and crew to work with, there would be a chance meeting the challenge. Guttman didn't have it.

To be fair, the emotional impact is there. Whatever the shortcomings, the audience reacts to the specific tragedy described by the film: the condition of the wounded soldiers. Especially that of Himmo, the former hero who lies, tied to his bed, hands and feet amputated,

blind and dumb, occasionally emitting bloodcurdling screams, the only statement he can still make of being more than a lump of flesh on a bed. Israelis are too familiar with this kind of horror to remain indifferent, and whatever the context in which it is presented, they are bound to respond.

THE CONTACT, however, is problematic. It starts with Edna Mazia's script, which fails to achieve any kind of dramatic construction. She indulges in long, tiresome speeches, characters becoming mouthpieces for the script instead of blossoming into their own identity. There is hardly any real progress in the story itself, the audience relating at best to the cases in general, but not to the separate living persons which embody them.

True, behind the pain and the clowning, the shadow of death and the irony intended to dispel its terror, it is possible to guess at a mass of festering emotions ready to erupt at the slightest excuse.

surface, coming up, most of the time, only with poses.

GUTTMAN ISN'T, much help in this instance. He has had his problems with actors before, and here he stumbles again, failing once more in his choice for the leading role. Alona Kimchi, as Hamutal, lacks both the experience and the compassion for the part, she walks around uncomprehending; a picture of immaturity rather than innocence.

Two veteran actors, Aliza Rosen as the nun and Yossi Graber as the cynical chief surgeon, will probably want to forget their facile, ham performances, while Amir Gavriel and Dov Navon, playing two of the wounded, Frangi and Assa respectively, are limited to being reciting shadows, speech-making symbols at best.

As for Guttman's visual style, usually imaginative and rich, he is obviously hampered by the basic situation, which imposes a sober approach that for him is almost an understatement. Jorge Gurevich contributes little with his camera, which somehow was more fascinating in the short films he shot, and Ziva Poset's editing does not put any drive into the basically static plot.

The use of student crews instead of professional ones, in order to save costs, must have something to do with the final outcome as well, which certainly looks less polished than Guttman's earlier films. For a while, there were those who believed that this might be a solution for the future of Israeli films, cutting the budget and reducing the risk. Maybe they should think twice before going ahead with it.

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ALL THAT JAZZ

THIS YEAR'S International Jazz Festival, scheduled for the part of Flat from next Saturday, October 31 to Tuesday, November 3, looks like being the biggest event of its kind. It will host over 170 jazz artists, including some 50 institutions, including the Ministries of Tourism and Education and Culture, the Eilat Municipality, the Jewish Agency, Israel Discount Bank, Barclays Discount Bank and El Al.

The event is big, not only in comparison to previous jazz festivals, but on an international scale too. Among the foreign guests we are to expect at the festival are saxophonist Michael Brecker and his quintet featuring guitarist Mike Stern, salsa percussionist Tito Puente and the Quest quartet.

The Israeli groups and artists who are to perform in Eilat, were chosen by a special A&R committee which included top Israeli musicians, Danny Gottfried, Ahrale Kanilinsky and Albert Pimental. The Israeli sets, will feature over 120 artists, including the Pimental Octet, Platina, Combo Il Pargol, and East West Ensemble.

All the artists this year, international and Israeli alike, will be appearing on a voluntary basis.

The performances, every night from 6 p.m. onwards, will be dispersed over four central stages, so that festival-goers can move from stage to stage and cover most of the shows. Performances are expected to run till 2.00 a.m.

OF THE international artists due to appear, 38-year-old Michael Brecker is clearly the centre of attraction. If a musician can be measured by the company he keeps, in Brecker's time that company has included Chick Corea, Quincy Jones, Frank Zappa and Herbie Hancock.

This kind of company has been keeping Brecker busy since the age of 18. With almost 400 recordings to his credit, Brecker has established himself as one of the world's most vibrant saxophone players.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1949 into a family of musicians. Initially trained as a clarinetist, Brecker began to expand his musical talents in his early teens, listening to the works of John Coltrane, Clifford Brown, Miles Davis and Cannonball Adderly. As his style began to approach jazz, Brecker changed his main instrument, first to alto saxophone and then to tenor, with which he has remained to this day.

Brecker moved to New York at the age of 18, and soon found his way into Drennas, probably one of the first jazz-rock fusion bands, featuring Billy Cobham, John Abercrombie, Will Lee and others.

The early Seventies brought world-wide tours with Horace Silver, and later with Cobham, soon after which Brecker invaded the studio scene, quickly emerging as one of the most sought-after studio sax players of the period.



Brecker and his sax - due in Eilat.

In 1975, Brecker, along with his brother Randy Brecker, formed The Brecker Brothers, releasing six strong albums over as many years. The brothers also opened Seventh Avenue South, which turned into Manhattan's biggest jazz attraction. It was at this venue that Brecker and friends, including vibraphone player Mike Mainieri, got together for some informal performances. A Japanese producer in the audience invited the group to Japan. Thus was born Steps Ahead, the group with which Brecker has been associated for so long.

Ever since Brecker discovered the EWI (Electronic Wind Instrument), originally designed by Nyle Steiner and currently manufactured by Akai, his involvement with synthesizers and other forms of manipulating electronic sound has developed immensely.

Michael Brecker will make two appearances at the International Jazz Festival in Eilat, accompanied by his current line-up, guitarist Mike Stern, pianist Kenny Kirkland, bassist Jeff Andrews and drummer Adam Nussbaum.

OTHER JAZZ and fusion artists due here next week include saxophonist-flautist Ronnie Cuber who has played, in the course of his 20-year career, with George Benson, Aretha Franklin, King Curtis and others.

Quest, featuring pianist Richard Bofrich and sax player David Liebman, bassist Ron McClure and drummer Billy Hart, is an all-star group, each of the four members making an equal contribution to the sound.

Tito Puente, percussionist and bandleader, will also appear at the festival. Puente, raised on jazz and salsa, recently appeared in Woody Allen's film *Radio Days*, in which he portrayed a Forties band conductor. With his Latin Ensemble, Puente also worked on John Candy's film *Armed and Dangerous*. Apart from his film work, Puente has released several top-selling LPs, including three which won him Grammy awards.

WITH SUCH a gala of jazz and fusion artists, the festival is an event which shouldn't be missed. Jazz lovers unsure if the long journey to Eilat is worth it, may like to know that specially-priced flights and hotel packages are on line.

BOBBIE SAW THE LIGHT

LONDON -- We'd come expecting the worst. After all, we'd read the reviews and the headlines from Israel.

We'd expected a Dylan years past his prime, with a voice ravaged by the ages, playing because he couldn't kick the habit or, God forbid, for the money.

But either the Israeli reviewers were wrong, or Bobbie saw the light again somewhere between Tel Aviv and London, because when he got to Wembley last week, Mr. Zimmerman was an absolute revelation, a born-again folk singer with a message punched into the microphone with enough power to force Mohammed Ali to the canvas.

As on the Israeli tour, former Byrd Roger McGuinn opened with a solo acoustic guitar set, to be joined by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers for a couple of his greatest hits, "Eight Miles High" and "Turn, Turn, Turn" would've had them swooning in the Sixties, but the Wembley audience were as impassive as a Guinness defendant in the dock; clearly they'd come to see Tom and the main man only.

Petty, for the Brits, eschewed the well-known stuff he'd played in the shadow of the Old City walls, and plumped instead for some of the more obscure numbers from recent albums. A slowed-down "Southern Accents" and "It'll All Work Out" were more memorable examples.

AND THEN there was Bob, in red silk shirt, black scarf, and white guitar...no, black guitar -- he'd changed his mind without so much as playing a note.

Perhaps he's getting old, or smoking too much, but he positively spat out the lyrics to "Blowing In the Wind," in staccato phrases that left the three female backing vocalists gasping for air and wondering why they'd ever signed up for this weird-o's tour in the first place.

A hurried consultation with Tom and the band, and we were off again, without so much as a good evening, into "Like A Rolling Stone."

The last time he played this in the UK, at Earls Court in 1981, the gospel harmonizing all but destroyed it. This time -- despite the indisputable fact that Petty and Dylan have two of the worst voices in rock music -- was unforgettable. From somewhere between those two sets of creaking vocals, straining desperately for the high notes, grovelling vainly for the low ones, emerged a vicious, vindictive song as magnificent in 1987 as it could ever have been in 1965, when it introduced the world to Dylan's revisited Highway 61.

By now it was clear that Dylan was trying to prove a point, to silence those critics who'd suggested he'd have been better off not visiting Israel, better off, indeed, locking his guitar and harmonica up in their cases for good.

"Maggie's Farm" was tailor-made for a Britain enduring its third consecutive term of Thatcherism -- jobless, despairing, and wondering whether there'd ever be a day when they wouldn't have "to work on Maggie's farm no more."

If that was only too relevant, though, "Ballad Of A Thin Man"

was only too sadly out of date. Something may well have been happening back in the hippy era when young Bob penned it, but it's all too clear that these days the Mr. Joneses are back in control, that the one-eyed midget has long since passed on, that "now" was "then", and that now is sometime else altogether.

Still Dylan pressed on, the slave-driver pushing guitarist Campbell to ever-faster runs along his fretboard, keyboardman Benmont Tench peering short-sightedly at the man in the middle, Pettyolling backstage by the drum-kit, happy to play rhythm to the great man's lead.

He strummed on for an hour and a half, smilingly pausing for breath, rarely snarling, never talking.

AND WHEN he'd finished, they didn't say good riddance. No, they stood, and howled, and stomped, and screamed.

And back he came, to play "Forever Young" to rapturous applause. The audience knew all the words, wanted to join in, but Dylan wanted to sing them all himself. It was his song, and he was going to sing it.

Maybe, when he really is past his prime, the so-smart Israeli reviewers can look back to this song and scoff, because no man can remain young and vibrant forever.

But at least the London audience hasn't written him off yet, and as they poured out into the rainy October night, they were wishing that God -- whichever one Dylan may believe in at the moment -- will bless him and keep him, if not always, then at least for a few more years yet.

Allow" is a gloriously simple love song, catchy, irresistible, and a far cry indeed from those suicidal dirges on *Nebraska* that made Leonard Cohen sound positively upbeat.

PRETTY SOON, in this compact disc age, you won't be able to talk about flipping over to side two, so flip while you can, straight on to "Tunnel of Love," which finds the Boss mining Dire Straits territory to telling and remarkably pragmatic effect: "It ought to be easy, ought to be simple enough/ Man meets a woman and they fall in love/ But the house is haunted and the ride gets rough/ And you've got to learn to live with what you can't rise above/ If you want to ride on down in through this tunnel of love."

No arguing with that or, indeed, with much on side two, a 25-minute journey that charts (autobiographically?) a relationship's rocky course from naivety, through disillusionment, mistrust, rejection, desolation to annihilation, quite moving, reunion on "Valentine's Day."

No one, on the basis of this or any other of his albums, would call Springsteen a great lyricist, but he gets his points across pretty unambiguously.

Paradoxically, if he is to be faulted at all, it is for the musical staidness of tracks like "Walk Like a Man," "Spare Parts" and especially "Cautious Man" which is identical, note-for-note, to "Highway Patrolman" from *Nebraska*.

But then why criticize what is, overall, such a memorable achievement, the more so for the two disappointing albums that preceded it.

Marriage, it seems, revives the jaded. Must try it. D.H.

RIGHT ON TRACK



STROLL through Mr. Springsteen's *Tunnel of Love* (CBS), an intriguing route lined with a dozen musical styles, a variety of macho poses, lyrics that range from poignant to cliché, and hints of a new-found artistic maturity.

This is Springsteen's return to the wildernesses of *Nebraska* after the naked commercialism of the banal *Born in the USA*, but the outlook in 1987 is just a little less bleak, and mercifully he's brought along more than just a guitar and a mouth organ.

It's an album already hailed as "stunning" and "triumphant" by critics in the U.S. and Britain, and of the 12 tracks, at least seven are on a par with any of the ebullient confessions he and the E Street Band used to produce so effortlessly in those wild, innocent Seventies days.

The band, alas, are barely evident here: Clarence "Big Man" Clemons, darling of audiences the world over, gets nary a saxophone credit -- indeed he only makes the sleeve at all as a backing vocalist; Roy "The Professor" Bittan tinkles

the ivories on just the title track and the single "Brilliant Disguise;" and only Max Weinberg, he of the rifle-shot snare and quartz-accurate hi-hat, is in any situation approaching regular employment.

No, this is Springsteen the solo artist, in unsmiling rocker pose on the cover, and in softer focus, in guitar and singlet, on the inside. He plays his usual mean guitar, but he's also taken on the bass duties, and shows a surprising flair on the organ, too. One forgets, but CBS signed him 15 years ago as a solo artist.

It was he who insisted on the band's being taken on board as well. He's a man alone here, with a mission, steering the faithful out of the blind alleys and singles bars, beyond the pleasures that mere money can buy and, it seems, towards the sort of meaningful relationship one assumes he has come to with his own recent marriage.

As with *Born in the USA*, the anthem is in the opening track, this time an Elvis-style number entitled "Ain't Got You," in which Bruce would have us believe that "the fortunes of heaven in diamonds and gold" mean nothing to him, because, well, he "ain't got you!"

If track two is anything to go by, he's not gonna get her either, because it seems his only attraction is that he's rougher and tougher than the handsome Dins or good-looking Joes some girls like on their arm.

Nothing to rave about there, but by track three Springsteen is really rolling, and "All That Heaven Will

EVERY ONCE in a while a painter like Pamela Levy comes along to shake things up. Her current exhibit of a dozen or so large figurative oils on canvas is packed with all the brutalities and nuances one would expect to see in excellent, as well as controversial, art. A skillful realistic style in which strongly delineated bodily forms rendered from photographic projections are grouped before backgrounds of automobile junk yards, construction sites, swimming pools and luna parks.

Undulating, cajoling, gesticulating, nude Balthusian figures, mostly supple adolescent girls with a sprinkling of mature women and teenage boys, fit both their pictorial environment and the gallery space. The short, frontal cropping, coupled with a visual concept of place and time project a life force that the viewer cannot avoid.

Levy's characters stare into the gallery or towards an unidentified happening, but never really appear to relate to their surroundings. Even the nude boys who have their backs turned to the spectator, as in a Cezanne "Bathers," are totally involved in their private struggles and alienated from the painted hillside beyond. In addition to the meticulous layering of pigment, that build solid anatomical, natural or inanimate surfaces, Levy suggests mysterious scenarios. The glance and the gesture are central to her work. Puberty, fear, exaltation and susceptibility are also themes that seem to preoccupy Levy but not through cold representationalism or fleeting romanticism. What we have here is humanistic realism with a fatalistic jab.

Although Levy has been living in Jerusalem since 1976, her work embodies a great deal of her native Iowa and the American realist schools touched by her personal stamp of modernism. It comes across as a mixture of candid puritanism and sensuality amidst the conflict of mass culture and individual action, in the manner of painters like Marsh, Sloan, Prendergast, Neel and Pearlstein. In the end, however, it is Levy's personal statement about art expressed through the vehicle of human insights and behaviour. An outstanding exhibit and well worth a visit. (Artifact Art Gallery, 43 Nachmani, Tel Aviv). Till Nov. 6.

IT IS NOT surprising that the French Institute has chosen to mount a retrospective exhibit of the graphic work of Oler Lellouche, an artist who, even in his painting, places great emphasis on the linear and lighting elements used to describe the images, rather than planular



Pamela Levy: oil painting on canvas (Artifact Gallery, Tel Aviv)

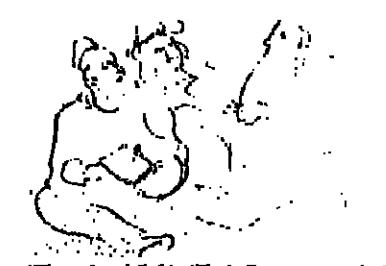
FATALISTIC JAB

'PAINTERLY' DRAWINGS

Angela Levine

MANE KATZ (1894-1962), in common with other members of the Jewish School of Paris, was essentially a colourist rather than a linear draughtsman, utilizing, in his case, the expressive, emotive and textural possibilities of paint to chronicle Jewish life in the Diaspora. Nevertheless, his drawings from the '30s and '40s, selected from this Museum's extensive collection, do provide some interesting insights into the artist's alternative modes of working, as well as attesting to the fact that, even in a graphic medium, Mane Katz's art continued to exhibit strong "painterly" tendencies.

Aside from some inconsequential pen sketches of Arabs and camels made by the artist during one of his frequent trips to the Levant (from the late 1920's onwards), self-portraits and charcoal sketches of prominent public figures are also on



"Three Jews" (left): "Trois Personnages Assis"

display. Although these images, without exception, are trivial caricatures, disclosing little of the real personality of the sitter, they do succeed in capturing momentary facial expressions. This fleeting quality is further pronounced in a set of otherwise undistinguished drawings of women, some nude, posed frontally, or with their bodies half-turned from the viewer.

Some large compositions focus on Jewish figures. Mane Katz's most familiar subject-matter, in his best drawing, depicting the forms of two bulky hasidic men, the artist has employed his stick of charcoal as if it were a brush loaded with paint, obtaining, through graduated smoothing, rubbing and polishing of lines and paper, not only areas of light and shade, but also depth, monumentality, tone and texture. (Mane Katz Museum, Haifa). Till Nov. 15.

מנה קאץ
אמן חסידי

Cinema

JERUSALEM BEIT AGRON Tel. 247597 Fri. 2 p.m. and Sat. 7 p.m. 3:45 Something Wild; Sat. 5:45, Mary Poppins; Fri. 8:15 Kentucky Fried Movie; Sat. 10 Something Wild; Sat. midnight Crocodile Dundee EDEN Tel. 223829 Sat. 7 p.m. weekdays 4:30, 7, 9 Pre- dator EDISON Tel. 2214445 Sat. 7:15, weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Beverly Hills Cop II HABIRA - CINEMA EMPIRE Closed due to renovations ISRAEL MUSEUM Tel. 698213 Fri. 2, Sat. 7, 9:15 La Colmena (The Hive); Thur. 7, 9:15 Boy Meets Girl JERUSALEM THEATRE Tel. 647167 Fri. 2, weekdays 7, 9:30 Death Of A Salesman; Fri. 7, Sat. and weekdays, 7:30 Jean De Florette KFIR Tel. 242523 Sat. 7:15, weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 The Untouchables MITCHELL Tel. 221950 Fri. and weekdays 7, 9:30 Shabool ORION Tel. 234176 Fri. 8:45, 9, weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9 Full Metal Jacket; Fri. 10:30 a.m. Hollin Head ORION 1 Tel. 222914 Sat. 7:15, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9, The Home Of The Brave ORION 2 Tel. 222914 3rd week: Sat. 7:15, 9:15; week- days 4:30, 7, 9:30; Home, King of Jerusalem ORION 3 Tel. 222914 Sat. 7:15, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9 Wet Gold; Sat. and weekdays 11:15 p.m. The Witness ORION 4 Tel. 222914 Sat. 7:15, 9:15; weekdays 7, 9 Don't Give A Damn; weekdays 4:30 Back To The Future; Sat. and weekdays 11:15 p.m. Cabaret ORION 5 Tel. 222914 Sat. 7:15, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9 She's Got Her Way; Sat. and week- days 11:15 p.m. Robocop ORNA Tel. 224733 Sat. 7, 8:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 The Whitch Of Eastwick RON Tel. 234704 Sat. 7:15, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9 Extreme Prejudice SEMAHAN Tel. 633742 6th week: Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:15 Stand By Me TEL AVIV BEIT LISSIN Tel. 216653 Fri. 2:30, 11:30; Sat., Sun., Wed., Thur. 11:15; Mon., Tue. 9:30, 11:15 Late Summer Blues BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222759 Fri. 9:40 p.m., 12:30; Sat. 9:30; week- days 4:30, 7:30; The Untouch- ables BETH HATEFUTSOYH Mon. 7 p.m. Trains; Tue. 7 p.m. Miracle Effect; Wed. 7 p.m. From The Booth; Late Afternoon Film Library CHEN 1 Tel. 282288 Fri. 9:55, 12:20; Sat. 9:55, 12:20; Sat. 7:30, 9:50; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:50 Full Metal Jacket; Sat. 11 a.m. Song Of The South CHEN 2 Fri. 9:55, 12:15; Sat. 7:35, 9:50; weekdays 5, 7:35, 9:50 Blind Date; Sat. 11 a.m. Return To Oz CHEN 3 Fri. 10 p.m., 12:20; Sat. 7:35, 9:50; weekdays 5, 7:35, 9:50 Blind Date; Sat. 11 a.m. Return To Oz CHEN 4 Fri. 9:55, 12:20; Sat. 7:40, 9:55; weekdays 11 a.m., 1, 6, 7:35, 9:50 Outrageous Fortune; Sat. 11 a.m. Robin Hood CHEN 5 20th week: Fri. 10; Sat. 7:30 week- days 11 a.m., 1, 5, 7:35, Stand By Me; Fri. 12:20; Sat. and weekdays 9:50 Angel Heart; Sat. 11 a.m. Billi	CINEMA ONE Tel. 657952 Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:15, 9:30, week- days 5, 7:15, 9:30 Police Story CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952 Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30, week- days 5, 7:15, 9:30 Fiddler DEKEL Tel. 443300 8th week: Fri. 10 p.m. Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30 Black Widow DIZENGOFF I Tel. 200485 2nd week: Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 9:45, 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:45; weekdays 11 a.m., 1, 3, 5, 7:30, 9:45 Wish You Were Here DIZENGOFF II Tel. 200485 Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 9:45, 12:15, Sat. 7:30, 9:45; weekdays 11 a.m., 1, 3, 5, 7:30, 9:45 A Man In Love DRIVE-IN Tel. 403090 Fri. 10; Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30 Number One With A Bullet; Sat. 12:15, weekdays 12:30 Sex film ESTHER Tel. 225610 Fri. 10; Sat. 7:30, 9:45; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40 Extreme Prejudice QAT Tel. 267880 5th week: Fri. 9:50, 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:50, weekdays 7:30, 9:50 The Whitch Of Eastwick HAKOLOM ZOO A HOUSE 26 Ibn Gubior, Tel. 2532412 Sat. 7:15; weekdays (except Wed.) 4:30, 7:15; Chronicle Of A Love Affair; Fri. 12 Shabool; Sat., week- days (except Wed.) 9:30 Don't Give A Damn; Fri. 2:30 Memphis; Sat. 11:45 p.m. Jesus Christ Superstar; Thur. 11:45 p.m. Blazing Saddles HOD Fri. 9:45, 12; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; week- days 5, 7:15, 9:30 Beverly Hills Cop II INSTITUT FRANCAIS Sat. 7:30 Mortelle Randonnée; Mon. 7:30 La Collectionneuse ISRAEL CINEMATHEQUE Sat. 7:30 Irma La Douce; Sat. 9:45 Vertigo LEV I Tel. 288868 6th week: Fri. 10; Sat. 9:45, 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:50; weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:50 La Famiglia LEV II Tel. 288868 8th week: Fri. 10, 10:10, 12; Sat. 8, 10; weekdays 2, 5, 10:10 Manner LEV III Tel. 288868 26th week: Fri. 10 p.m., 12; Sat. and weekdays 7:50, 10 Down by Law; Fri. 1:30, weekdays 2, 5 Mean And Dirty LEV IV Tel. 288868 3rd week: Fri. 1:30, 10, 12; Sat. 7:50, 9:45; weekdays 2, 5, 7:50, 9:45 Hemo - King Of Jerusalem LIMOR HAMEUDASH Tel. 260773 6th week: Fri. 10, 12; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30 Lady Be- ware; Sat. and weekdays midnight 9:50 Weeks; Sat. 11 a.m. The Never- Ending Story MAXIM Tel. 207457 Fri. 7:30, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30 Crocodile Dundee NEW GORDON 87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373 Israel Premiere; Sat. 7:30, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30 38 ONLY Tel. 204025 3rd week: Fri. 10; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30 Good Wife PARIS Tel. 222282 6th week: Fri. 12, 10 p.m., 12 mid- night; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 12, 3, 4, 7:15, 9:30; She's Got Her Way; Fri. 2:30 p.m. Teenage; Fri. 4:30 Fellini-Roma; Sat. 11 Body Heat; Sat. 1 Saturday; Sat. 3 Midwinters - A Life In Four Chapters; Sat. 5 Amorcord; Sat. 11:30 p.m. Peeping Toms PEER Tel. 443795 2nd week: Fri. 10; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30 Whistle Blower	SHAHAF Tel. 295645 3rd week: Fri. 9:40 p.m., 12; Sat. 7, 9:30, weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30 The Untouchables; Sat. 11 a.m. Beauty And The Beast SIVAN Tel. 657820 7th week: Fri. 10, 12; Sat. 7:30, 9:40, weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40; Raining Ar- izona; Sat. 1 p.m. Koyaanisqatsi; Sat. 3 Rear Window; Sat. 5 Prizzi's Honor; Sat. 11:45 Top Secret; Thur. 11:45 Monty Python - Yellowbeard TAMUZ Tel. 412761 Fri. 10, 12; Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:40 Bullshot; Sat. 1, Casablanca; Sat. 3 Dune; Sat. 11:45 Monty Python - Yellowbeard; Thur. 11:45 Matter Of Time TCHETET Tel. 443950 20th week: Sat. 7:45, 9:50; week- days 5, 7:30, 9:45 The Shop Around The Corner TEL AVIV I Tel. 288181 Israel Premiere; Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12, Sat. 7:15, 9:30, weekdays (except Wed.) 5, 7:15, 9:30 Number One With A Bullet TEL AVIV MUSEUM 2nd week: Sat. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30 Prick Up Your Ears ZAFON Tel. 443988 8th week: Sat. 10; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30; Jean De Florette HAIFA AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 6640178 Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Act Of Vengeance ATZMOM I Tel. 673003 Fri. 10; Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Strike Commands ATZMOM 2 Tel. 673003 Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Number One With A Bullet ATZMOM 3 Tel. 673003 Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Norwegian Con- nection CHEN HAMEUDASH Tel. 668272 Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Stand By Me KEREN OR HAMEUDASH Tel. 663443 Sat. 7:15, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:15 Hemo - King Of Jerusalem; Sat. 11:30 p.m. M.A.S.H.; Thur. 11:30 p.m. Flamingo Kid ORAN Tel. 6640178 Fri. 10; Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 Beverly Hills Cop II ONLY Tel. 61888 Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15 The Shop Around The Corner PEER Tel. 682232 Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 The Whitch Of East- wick RAV-QAT 1 Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15 Full Metal Jacket RAV-QAT 2 Fri. 10; Sat. 9:45, 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15 Raining Arizona RON Tel. 669089 4th week: Sat. 9:15; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15 The Untouchables SHAVIT Tel. 385345 Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15 Jean De Florette RAMAT GAN ARMON Tel. 720706 Fri. 10; Sat. 7:30, 9:45; weekdays 7:30, 9:45 Extreme Prejudice LILY Tel. 744238 Fri. 10; Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30; Lady Beware OASIS Tel. 739592 2nd week: Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:30, 9:50; weekdays 7:20, 9:30 Full Me- tal Jacket ORDEA Tel. 721720 6th week: Sat. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30; Beverly Hills Cop II RAV-QAN I Tel. 797121 6th week: Fri. 10, 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:50; weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:50 The Whitch Of Eastwick; Sat. 11 a.m. Song Of The South	RAV-QAN 2 Fri. 10, 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:50; week- days 5, 7:30, 9:50 Outrageous For- tune; Sat. 11 a.m. E.T. RAV-QAN 3 Fri. 10, 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:50; week- days 5, 7:30, 9:50 Burglar; Sat. 11 a.m. Robin Hood RAV-QAN 4 Fri. 9:30 p.m., 12:20; Sat. 7:15, 9:50; weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:50 The Name Of The Rose; Sat. 11 a.m. King Kong II HERZLIYA DAN ACCADIA CINEMA CLUB Tel. 052-557799 Fri. 9:30 Mary Poppins; Sat. 7, 9:30 House of Games; Sun., Mon., Tue. 7, 9:30 The Living Daylights; Wed., Thur. 7, 9:30 The Fourth Protocol DANIEL HOTEL THE AUDITORIUM 2nd week: Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:30 Angel Heart DAVID Tel. 540768 2nd week: Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30 The Secret Of My Success HECHAL Tel. 81505 Sat. 7, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30 Untouchables NEW TIPEREY Tel. 87300 Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30 Predator HOLON ARMON HAMEUDASH Tel. 842431 Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30 Cro- codile Dundee; Sat. 11:30 Monty Python - The Meaning Of Life; Thur. 11:30 p.m. The Purple Rose Of Cairo MIDAL Tel. 841839 Fri. 10; Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30 Full Metal Jacket SAVOY Tel. 847141 Fri. 10; Sat. 7:30; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30 The Untouchables BAT YAM ATZMAUT Tel. 866320 Fri. 10; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; Sat. 5, 7:15, 9:30; Mon. - Thur. 7:15, 9:30; Beverly Hills Cop II	GIVATAYIM HADAR Tel. 719002 Sat. 7, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30 The Untouchables RAMAT HASHARON KOCHAV Tel. 491979 Fri. and weekdays 9:30; Late Summer Blues Fri. 11:45; Sat. 1:15 p.m. Monty Python - The Meaning Of Life; Sat. 11 a.m.; Tue., Thur. 4:15 Flight Of The Navigator; Sat. and weekdays 7 Take It Easy PETAH TIKVA G.O. HECHAL 1 Tel. 917374 Fri. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30 The Untouchables G.O. HECHAL 2 Fri. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30 Beverly Hills Cop II G.O. HECHAL 3 Fri. 10; Sat. 7:15, 9:30; weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30 American Ninja III KIRYAT ONO COMMUNITY CENTRE Fri. 10; Sat. 11 a.m.; Mon. 7, 9:15; Tue. 8, Wed. 4:30, 7, 9:15 Photo Roman RISHON LEZION G.O. RON 1 Sat. 7, 9:30; Sun. 4:30, 7, 9:30; Mon.-Thur. 7, 9:30; The Untouch- ables G.O. RON 2 Sat. 7, 9:30; weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30 Beverly Hills Cop II KFAR SAVA BEIT BERL CINEMA - THEATRE Wed., Thur. 8:30 Pink Floyd - The Wall NETANYA DOR - HECHAL TARBUZ Fri., Mon., Wed., Thur. 7:15, 9:30 Stand By Me
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Film briefs Dan Fainaru

ANGEL HEART - The latest in director Alan Parker's manipulative experiments, this starts as a typical detective story and ends on a mystical Faustian note. It is beautifully performed and perfectly annoying. Mickey Rourke plays the lead, Robert de Niro has a substantial guest part, Charlotte Rampling tells fortunes and Lisa Bonet graduates from *The Cosby Show* into the personification of sensuality in the body of an angel.

BLACK WIDOW - A Federal agent leaves her computer to chase a suspected predatory female, who has been killing her husbands and inheriting their fortunes. Debra Winger and Theresa Russell are effective in an unusual thriller, which tells you everything about the action, but precious little about emotions. Rob Rafelson directed.

BLAZING SADDLES - Take-off of all those Westerns Hollywood has ever made. Expect anything to happen in this Mel Brooks extravaganza. (At one point Count Basie and his entire orchestra appear, in evening dress, playing the theme song amid the desert cactus.) Great stuff.

BODY HEAT - A less than respectable lawyer falls hopelessly in love with the wife of an underworld chieftain. If you pine for some good old melodramatic entertainment, this film is for you.

BOY MEETS GIRL - A 23-year-old director from France, Leos Carax, tries to renovate film language in a black and white exercise which does not tell a story but rather paints a situation. The entire film is concerned with people finding it impossible to communicate with other people on the same level, with couples splitting apart, with men and women who cannot live together but can't face solitude either. Often declaratory, sometimes obscure and precious, it is still refreshing to see a departure from the old, tired and worn-out patterns.

CHRONICLE OF A LOVE AFFAIR - Polish director laureate Andrzej Wajda has stayed away from contemporary politics this time, and gone back to the eve of WWII for a youthful Romeo and Juliet romance, idyllic place just as the world around the two lovers is about to crumble. The story is by Indzewska Kowalski, not well liked by the authorities, but among the most influential, post-war Polish writers.

CROCODILE DUNDEE - First half: New York cutie goes down under in search of the noble, savage white hunter who wrestles with crocodiles. Second half: noble savage comes to the New York jungle and discovers crocs are innocents compared with the animals in the big city. Pure entertainment with no complications, Australia's biggest box office hit is produced by its star, Paul Hogan.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN - Arthur Miller's play with Dustin Hoffman in the lead has done great business for a limited season in New York, but adapted for the screen by Volker Schlöndorff, this intimate drama looks larger than life in every respect. Both acting and direction could have done with a bit of restraint.

DON'T GIVE A DAMN - An adaptation of the Dain Ben-Amotz novel about a war invalid who has to learn how to cope with his infirmity and with the people around him. It is often touching and painful. But the director Shmuel Limberman pays so much attention to the main character that he leaves the rest of the picture rather hazy. Ikka Zohar does a good job in the lead.

DOWN BY LAW - Three losers escape from jail into the Louisiana marshes. A delightful comedy of manners, observed acerbically by Jim Jarmusch who focuses on the inconsistencies of human nature and its humorous quirks, and performed to perfection by John Lurie, Tom Waits and Roberto Benigni.

THE FAMILY - Ettore Scola offers the saga of a Rome family covering 1906 until today, with Italian history reflected in the conduct of the clan's members. Some episodes are predictable, others are delightful. Vittorio Gassman is great in the lead, but one is allowed to wonder



Funny Ardan in 'The Family,' Ettore Scola's saga of a Roman family.

whether history hasn't been toned down too much in the process. Stefania Sandrelli, Fanny Ardant and Philippe Noiret co-star.

FULL METAL JACKET - Stanley Kubrick's slap in the face for American myths, such as heroism, in a film whose first part shows how human beings are converted into killing machines, and whose second part displays the use of these less-than-perfect machines in practice. Hard to take and not easy to swallow. Matthew Modine is the only well-known name in a cast delivering uniformly strong performances.

THE GREAT MOUSE DETECTIVE - The new animal feature from the Disney factory is a take-off on the Sherlock Holmes mysteries, vulgarized for children with mice replacing humans. As usual, the drawings are detailed and precise, the visuals are highly professional, but there is very little imagination in the story. Children won't be inspired, but maybe they'll be amused.

HOME OF THE BRAVE - It isn't exactly a movie and it probably doesn't do full justice to what Laurie Anderson achieves in her stage performances. But it is a tantalizing and fascinating glimpse at the potential of this unusual all-round performer, as recorded by cameras in several of her shows. Try it for a change.

JEAN DE FLORETTE - An obstinate farmer and his brother-in-law make life miserable for a hunchbacked tax collector who wants to return from the city to his peasant roots. First part of Claude Berri's adaptation of Marcel Pagnol's novel, remarkably performed by Yves Montand, Gerard Depardieu and Daniel Auteuil. The kind of movie to please everybody.

LATE SUMMER BLUES - Israeli social and political conscience in the early Seventies, reflected through the story of high school students in their last summer holiday before being drafted. Director Renan Schorr and scriptwriter Doron Nesher use a cast of young unknowns, sometimes with quite impressive results.

LIVING DAYLIGHTS - James Bond settles a feud inside the KGB, saves the world once more, and gets a blonde cellist for a bonus. Timothy Dalton is almost too human for the part. Maryam d'Abo lacks the curves of the traditional Bond girl, and scriptwriters Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson seem too tired to deliver any more surprises. John Glen directs his fourth Bond.

A MAN IN LOVE - American superstar and European starlet have brief romance while shooting an Italian film about the life and death of writer Cesare Pavese. Picturesque backgrounds help this picture, which desperately tries to be more than a cute teen-jerk but rarely succeeds. Diane Kurys directs, Greta Scacchi and Peter Coyote play the lovers, Claudia Cardinale and John Berry get supporting roles.

MANNER - Germany's top 1986 box-office attraction, about a husband who moves in with his wife's lover in order to understand what makes her prefer another man to him. Director Dorris Dorrie obviously doesn't have a very high opinion of men and their intellectual

becomes, in Allen's deft treatment, a treatise on reality versus fiction, on the nature of film as art and as entertainment, and yet remains a highly engrossing and fascinating story on its own. Mia Farrow is splendid in the lead.

RAINING ARIZONA - Zany comedy by Joel and Ethan Cohen of *Blood Simple* fame. A shy convict and a diminutive tough lady cop who can't have a baby together decide to steal one from a couple who have just had quintuplets. Tributes, glee to every imaginable film genre, practical jokes spread all over the place in wild satire on American movies. Nicholas Cage is the best thing in a film that is always funny but sometimes thin.

THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS - A college graduate from Kansas goes to New York, sleeps with his boss's wife, steals his mistress and finally his business as well. Typical rags to riches yarn, directed by veteran Herbert Ross, with Michael J. Fox. (*Back to the Future*) and Helen Slater (*Supergirl*) in the leads.

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT - Youthful romp by black director Spike Lee, still in his 20s and already a sensation after his second film. A pretty girl with a mind of her own entertains three lovers, each destined to fulfil different needs and each knowing of the others' existence. Shooting in black and white, with only black actors, and using frenetic montage, unexpected angles, Lee is still very much the student fooling around with the tools of his profession. But at least he does it amusingly. Made for peanuts, the film has already brought in a fortune.

SHOP AROUND THE CORNER - Hungarian play beautifully adapted to the screen by the one and only Ernst Lubitsch. A chief clerk in a store falls in love with a brash new salesgirl when he discovers she is his mysterious pen pal. James Stewart, Margaret Sullivan and a magnificent Felix Bressart play in this little gem made in 1940.

SOMETHING WILD - A square investment adviser is taken on a ride by a hip young lady into the American countryside, resulting in a series of events, at first humorous, and then less and less so, as director Jonathan Demme turns the screws on his social satire and leads it to a gory climax. Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith play the leads.

STAND BY ME - Rob Reiner, alias "Meathead" from *All in the Family*, has adapted Stephen King's nostalgic recollections of childhood days in a small town and the anguish of seeing a corpse for the first time. Four young kids try to become famous by discovering the body of a boy killed in a train accident. There are some nice touches of black humour and pathos but it looks too much like a newer and less successful version of *Breaking Away*.

THE UNTOUCHABLES - A hit TV series in the late '50s, now a hit movie of the '80s. Treasury agent, Elliot Ness, sent to Chicago to catch Al Capone drafts his own army when he finds all the cops are on the gangster's payroll, and eventually

gets him put away for tax evasion. Brian de Palma combines action and gore with humour and social criticism. The script is pretty thin but brains are blown carefully in close-up. Kevin Costner in the lead is nice but light-weight next to Sean Connery and Robert de Niro, who are supposed to co-star but steal the show, not by doing anything special, just by being there.

WET GOLD - Routine actioner about hidden treasure and a team of divers who try to fish it out, with greed rearing its ugly head to supply some badly-needed thrills. If Brooke Shields in a swimsuit is what you want to see, maybe you won't complain, but there isn't much else here.

THE WHISTLE BLOWER - The old paranoia of secret services as a monstrous entity devouring its own children is certainly justified, but could have been more excitingly presented than in this limp thriller improvised around a scandal that rocked British intelligence a few years ago. Michael Caine is the father of a researcher who mysteriously falls off his own roof, and he rustles up a whole nest of vipers when he starts looking for the reasons. Venerable actors such as Sir John Gielgud, James Fox and Barry Foster walk through us well, but director Simon Langton hasn't yet made a satisfactory transition from TV to movie fare.

WISH YOU WERE HERE - *Personal Services* gave us Cynthia Payne's exploits as an adult. Here is her adolescence, even more likely and impertinent, as she leaves her home, scandalize her parents and assume her responsibilities at the ripe old age of 16. Emily Lloyd is magnificently rowdy and rude in the lead, and David Leland, who wrote *Personal Services*, directs his own script.

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK - Three ripe suburban beauties, alone and sick of small-town mentality, pool their supernatural powers and bring to life the ideal male of their fantasies. But when he becomes too ideal, they get scared, and send him packing. A misogynic affair played with gusto by Jack Nicholson personifying the dirty dreams of Cher, Susan Sarandon and Michelle Pfeiffer. George Miller directed the story adapted from John Updike's best-seller.

WITNESS - An unusual thriller about a tough cop who has to hide from his fellow policemen in a non-violent Amish community. Director Peter Weir was fascinated by the strange nature of the Amish who still live, dress and speak as they did in Europe 300 years ago, and makes the most out of the contrast between the traditional movie hero living by his gun and the nature of the community in which he finds shelter. Harrison Ford is very persuasive as the straight cop and Kelly McGillis' portrayal of a member of the Amish community may attract many followers to the sect.

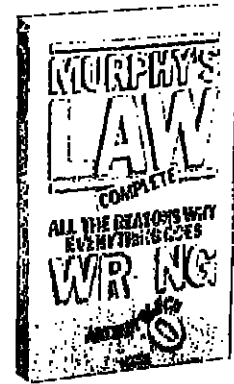
Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

Cinematheque

October 23 - October 30	
Fri. 14:00 Macaroni, Dir: Ettore Scola; 16:00 Palm Beach Story, Dir: Preston Sturges; 22:00 Anale Hall, Dir: Woody Allen	Jonas Qui Aura 30 Ann En L'An 2000, Dir: Alain Tanner; 19:00 Red River, Dir: Howard Hawks; 21:15 The Younger Generation, Dir: Frank Capra; 21:30 Les Amants, Dir: Louis Malle
Sat. 19:00 We Loved Each Other So Much, Dir: Ettore Scola; 19:30 Children Of A Lesser God, Dir: Randall Haines; 20:30 Sgt. Pepper - It Was 20 Years Ago Today, Dir: J. Sheppard; 21:30 Peeping Toms, Dir: Uri Zohar	Wed. 19:00 Die Blechtrommel, Dir: V. Schlöndorff; 19:00 Tokyo Story, Dir: Yasujiro Ozu; 21:00 La Bete Humaine, Dir: Jean Renoir; 22:00 La Citte Delle Donne, Dir: Federico Fellini
Sun. 19:00 Li Notti De Calabria, Dir: Federico Fellini; 19:00 Sunrise, Dir: F.W. Murnau; 21:30 Dwarze Alt-Italien, Dir: Pietro Germi; 21:30 Citizen Kane, Dir: Orson Welles	Thu. 19:00 Prizzi's Honor, Dir: John Huston; 19:00 La Dolce Vita, Dir: Federico Fellini; 21:00 Sgt. Pepper; 21:30 Les Samtes Innocents, Dir: Mario Camus; 24:00 A Hard Day's Night, Dir: Richard Lester
Mon. 19:00 La Passante Du Desert Sec, Dir: Jacques Rivault; 19:00 L'Edisse, Dir: Michaelangelo Antonioni; 21:00 Therese Raquin, Dir: Marcel Camus; 21:30 Deras Uzla, Dir: Akira Kurosawa	Fri. 14:00 The Color Of Money, Dir: Martin Scorsese; 22:00 The Kiss Of The Spider Woman, Dir: Hector Babenco
Tue. 16:00 Aladdin And The Wonderful Lamp, Dir: Akira Miosaki; 19:00	

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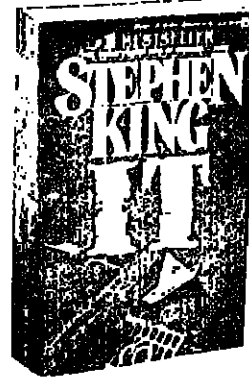
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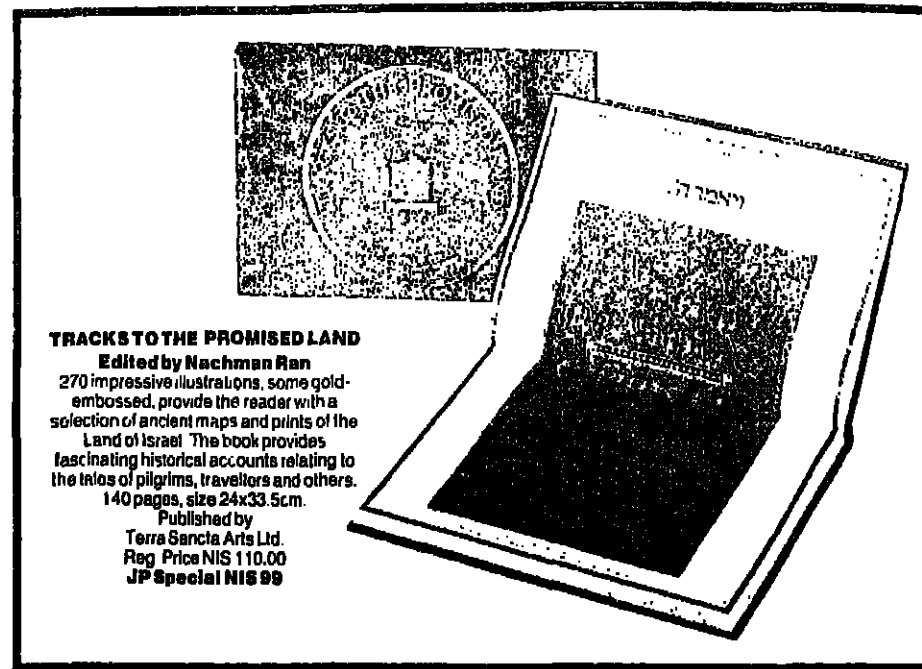
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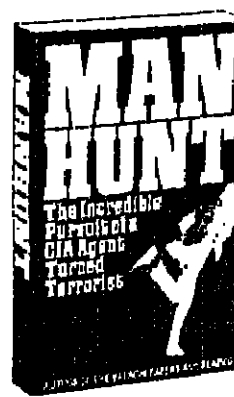
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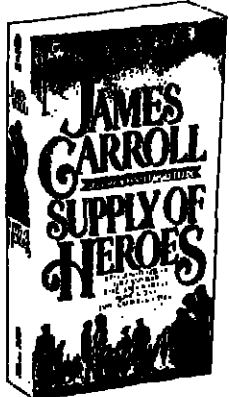
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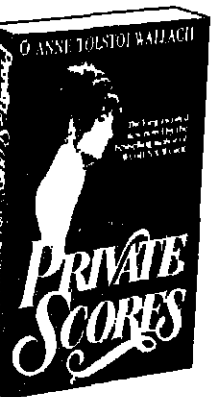
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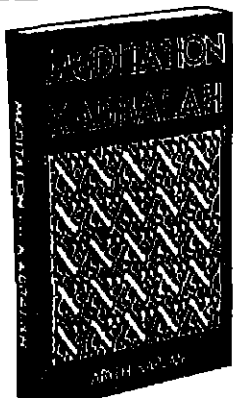
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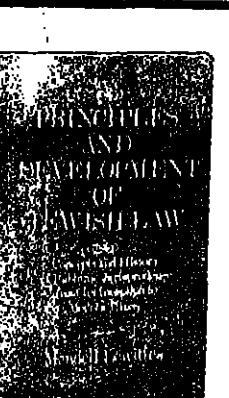
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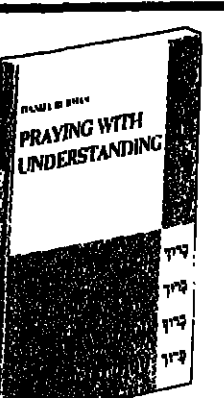
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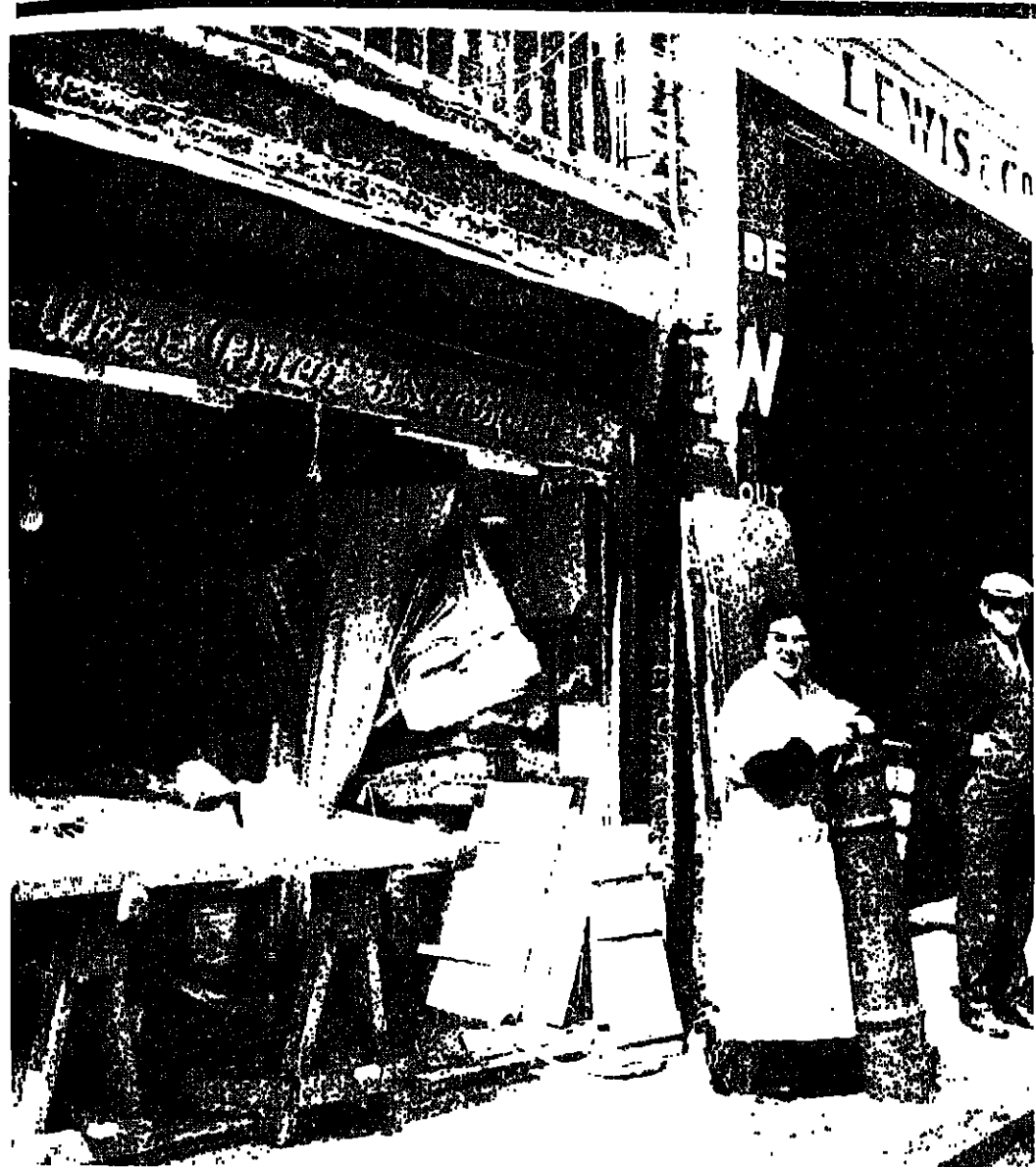


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East End scenes from the turn of the century to the Fifties.



The plaque was designed by Arthur Zyzek, renowned for his illustrated Haggada, and it clearly still holds a place in somebody's heart, for it is as clean and shiny today as it must have been at its unveiling 50 years ago.

The East End's main synagogue, the Machzikei Hadath, survives too, albeit under new management. It is now the Jamine Mesjid Mosque; leave your shoes in the rack on the left.

Mind you, the *shul* was hardly built for the Jews either. They inherited it, in 1896, from the London Society for the Promotion of Christianity to the Jews, an organization that had met with scant success in Brick Lane, and wisely sold-out and moved on to greener pastures.

Across Brick Lane and into Heneage Street is surely the most incongruous relic of the Jewish East End. Poke your head into the Bangladeshi Food Wise Supermarket,

look upstairs, and there's the ladies' gallery of the old Ezras Chaim Synagogue. It is intact right down to the wrought-iron waist-high railings, there to prevent the women from toppling over onto the *bima* that once stood where the passion fruit juice stands now.

The proprietor cares little for his shop's history, but he's glad of the upstairs storage space for potatoes and spices, and he sells the sweetest mangoes in London.

EVEN IN the welter of nostalgia this summer, no one was trying to make out that the slum-life of the Jewish immigrants in the late 19th and early 20th centuries here was anything but hellishly difficult. The Bengalis and Bangladeshis, in fact, are eking out much the same existence today, sleeping five to a room in the flats above the shops, their scruffy kids kicking empty tin cans along the pitted streets, in vain imitation of Maradona.

Like the Jews whom they replaced, they too are subject to racial attacks. The Jews blocked Moseley's Black Shirts at Gardiners Corner, and battled them on Cable Street in 1936; the Asians demonstrated in Brick Lane in the late 1970s after two of their number were murdered, apparently by the fascist National Front.

But although Prince Charles, on a walkabout earlier this year, was horrified by the conditions in today's East End, living standards have risen just a bit: the budding alley footballers have shoes on their feet now.

In the late 1800s, when the Bell Lane Jewish Free School had over 3,000 pupils on its books, boots and clothes had to be provided by the school. As late as 1914, JFS was distributing corduroy jackets and trousers to those who couldn't afford them. And, as former pupil Frank Austin recalls in a video tracing the history of JFS, "those clothes didn't half smell when it rained."

The JFS video, *Willingly in School*, has been on show at the Whitechapel gallery this summer along with three other programmes - on *chazanut*, the history of Brick Lane and the life of Lord Fisher - produced by Michael and Aunie Shapiro's Springboard Education Trust.

All traces of the school are gone, but its successor still flourishes in Camden Town, catering to pupils aged 11 to 18. When Moses Angel took over as headmaster in 1842, by contrast, the average age was 11 and the pupils studied for only two years, moving on to serve as apprentice cabinet-makers, metalworkers and tailors.

Only 6,000 or so Jews live in the East End now, just seven of the 80 synagogues remain, the Yiddish theatres have gone and the Mayfair cinema - three old pence at the door or free if you bunked in round the side - became the Naz and now stands empty, ready for demolition.

Even the sun can hardly squeeze its way through the crowd of tenement buildings to the stretch of rotting vegetables and urine at ground level. The local police patrol up and down Brick Lane at 10-minute intervals, moving the bums along, doling out parking tickets to those unwise enough to leave their cars unattended.

The whole area reeks of decay, of a bygone era, the smoggy 1880s. London of Jack the Ripper, who killed six prostitutes in three frenzied autumn months in 1888, then disappeared back into the darkened alleyways.

One of the policemen investigating the case charged that the killer was a Polish immigrant Jew. Others asserted that the style of killing suggested a *shochet*. We may doubt it, but we may never know for sure.

The Jack the Ripper pub - so named because one of his victims was last seen alive on its premises - does a roaring trade on Commercial Street, but most of Jack's haunts were bulldozed in the 1970s to make way for a housing estate.

This summer's series of events was organized under the heading "Jewish East End Celebration," but there's seems little worth celebrating in these grimy streets now. Maybe the thousands who've made the project a success are really celebrating the hardwork, brain power and determination that helped the immigrants move up and out of the East End after World War II.

The Jews should have torn these sagging buildings down as they left; instead they became home for a new generation of immigrant slum-dwellers, now trying to work their way out. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

99
Zionist
Movement

IT WAS A strange feeling to be greeted in the players' lounge of the Israel Tennis Centre in Ramat Hasharon by a very familiar, unmistakable, dulcet voice attached to a very substantial body. Hitherto, that voice had always been disembodied for us as it guided us and millions of listeners around the world expertly through the highways and byways of tennis on innumerable television and radio broadcasts.

Fred Perry, at 78, is the epitome of tennis. He has been associated with the game as amateur, professional, business executive and commentator for more than half a century.

In fact, at Wimbledon, the holiest sanctuary of the sport, Fred is more than a voice and a body: He is immortalized there in the form of a bronze statue. Only three other sportsmen have had statues built to them while they were alive — Hank Aaron and Stan Musial, the baseballers, in Atlanta and St. Louis, and Pavo Nurmi, the great runner, in Finland.

Perry is quite coy when he talks about his statue.

"When they unveiled it, I almost collapsed," he says. "It was such a strange feeling to see myself in bronze. It made me wonder whether I was not dead already and didn't know it, and nobody had bothered to tell me."

The All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club honoured Perry further by throwing a party to celebrate his 75th birthday, at which everybody who was anybody in tennis in the 20th century came to pay homage to the man who had won Wimbledon three times, the U.S. Open three times, plus Australia and France, and a Grand Slam. He also enabled England to win numerous Davis Cup ties — his own record was 45 victories in 51 matches.

BUT FRED PERRY was not always the darling of the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club: There was a time when he was Wimbledon's bete noir.

This was when he betrayed his country — according to all the administrators of tennis — by turning professional at the height of his prowess. What an appalling example to set the youth of England! As a result, he was persona non grata at Wimbledon for 12 years.

In the meantime, he joined the barnstorming tennis circuit, going from town to town and playing one or more of the other professionals. They were not allowed to play on any courts controlled by the tennis associations, so they had to play on football fields or in gymnasiums. Generally, they went themselves to explain to the groundsman how to mark out the court.

On one such tour with Ellsworth Vines, Fred went one morning and explained how the court should be laid out. Later, he sneaked back and got the linesman to put the service lines a couple of inches closer to the net. Vines, who had one of the strongest and most accurate cannonball serves ever seen — or not seen — served numerous doubles, much to his amazement. Perry only explained to him a long time after what had happened to the lines.

In Fred's amateur days, tennis was very different from what it is today, when the players dictate what should be done. The administrators were as all-powerful as the viceroys of distant India. They could make or break a young player.

Talking to Fred is rather like reading a stream-of-consciousness novel, as he has almost total recall and has been anywhere and everywhere that tennis was played. But

Philip Gillon and Yoram Kessel

EPITOME OF TENNIS



Fred Perry's famous running forehand

he is not just a tennis player. He is more like a Renaissance man, interested in music, books, business and people.

He recalls what playing for England was like when he became the youngest member of the Davis Cup squad, at the age of 20 or 21.

"The captain of the team was Leslie Godfree, the husband of the great Kitty Godfree, who is still alive — she's 90. You must understand that in those days there were no planes: We went on tour by ship. We could be away for months at a time. We never got paid a penny, but we went everywhere first class, we stayed at the best hotels and ate like lords. We could scrape together some money to take a girl out by getting money for taxis and travelling on the subway instead."

"We had not even started out of Southampton and Godfree spelt out the rules. He said: 'You're here to learn. We don't expect you to win matches, but we expect you to practice hard and to be at hand for all matches, and to be available if any of the others want to practice against you. You must abide by all my rules and regulations about dress, deportment, behaviour."

"If you ever query an umpire or linesman, you'll be on the next boat home. But, if you don't step out of line, we'll support you up to the hilt. You'll gain experience. We'll make a real player of you."

Fred looks rather pensive. "Of course, I tied the line," he says, "not because I was coward, but because that was the only way I could get to play tennis."

Inevitably, he compares the young Perry of the Twenties with the modern players of today, berating umpires and linesmen, laying down the law, as temperamental as movie stars yet treated as if they were gods. He does so analytically, without rancour, without suggesting that the "good old days" were better.

"Now you take the players of today," he says. "They're all businessmen — yet they're still in their 'leens. Everybody is a big cheese. Boris Becker has been making \$4 million a year from tennis and another \$4 m. from sponsorships, from the time he turned 18. So who's going to dare to tell him where to



(Herschel Lieberman)

toe the line, as Godfree told me? When I won Wimbledon, I went to have tea with the committee. When Boris won, he went to his tax haven in Monte Carlo.

"Now, he's been a very fresh and good influence on tennis, but there are holes in his game. Will he do anything about them? I doubt it. I remember I used a Continental grip that worked fine on courts in England and Europe. When I went to the United States, the ball came higher, waist high, and the grip was unsuitable. So I took three months off to change it and get it right."

"Today's stars don't get a chance to polish their games that way: they're making too much money. It's not a tournament, it's an appearance for a sponsor, or somebody phones with an offer of \$25,000 (the player) will open a kindergarten in Long Island. Who could reject such an offer?"

"Then, if you're good, you can earn a hell of a lot of money without bothering to be perfect. Look at Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert. Neither of them has got a first service. Has either of them bothered to take time off to improve it? They get by because their ground-strokes are so good. There are exceptions."

"Martina really worked on her game, and she became the best. Ivan Lendl also worked hard to improve his game on grass. Mind you, he still hasn't learnt to move properly and until he improves his footwork, he can forget about winning Wimbledon."

"It's not only the stars who don't bother. A man can earn \$200,000 to \$250,000 even if he's on a lower level. They're satisfied to be Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday players — they lose by midweek but they've made enough to be satisfied. They're competing hard, however, against other youngsters struggling to make it or older players on the circuit on the way down. It's a hard battle, dog eat dog. We had more fun, I think," Fred muses. But, as ever, his reflections are sober, pragmatic, not nostalgically weighted to show how much better the past was.

Perry's approach to the game was professional, even while he was an amateur: He used to train with Arsenal soccer team, and his

fitness stood him in good stead in the five-set matches of those days. Now he laughs at the way players get long breaks to recuperate after every two games.

"The 90-second rest rule developed out of television. It was introduced so as to get in a message from the advertiser. Now, of course, it's become sacred, you get it in every little tournament. We never even had chairs on which to sit."

Perry has given the impression that he was a very good little boy who said "Yes, sir!" "Please, sir!" every time a captain or committee chairman cracked a whip. But perhaps his memory is softening the truth.

Another of the greatest players of all time, Big Bill Tilden, wrote in the Fifties about Perry: "Fred stood in somewhat the same position with regard to the British Association as I had been in for years in relation to the American Association; we were the black sheep of the game..." Tilden praised Perry for his deadpan humour and his showmanship which, he said, only Borotra equaled. At the Wimbledon party for Fred, Don Budge, considered by some to be the finest player of all time, recalled playing against Fred in a Davis Cup match at Wimbledon. Budge was winning hands down, when a piece of notepaper came spiralling slowly down in the wind. Fred stopped playing, caught the paper, read it, nodded, and put it in his pocket.

From that point on, Perry played like a different player, while Budge's game deteriorated as his mind concentrated on wondering what was the mysterious message that had made such a difference to his opponent. Perry won. Years later, Budge asked him what had been in the mysterious note. Perry told him, "Nothing. It was a blank piece of paper."

LIKE MOST super champs, Perry is committed to supreme perfection. Still, it has always seemed a little harsh, the way he gives the underdog short shift. In his analyses of the big tournaments, he seems to focus on the top dogs only. Why, we wondered? Moving as deftly into position as he used to for a famous lidenrive, he sidestepped the query by producing another fascinating insight.

"The underdog simply has no real chance in the big time at Wimbledon. Centre Court there is such a unique place. On a normal court, you have a few feet on the sideline and some 20 feet going back behind the baseline. On Centre Court, the dimensions are more than doubled. What's more, the stands don't rise vertically above the back of the court; they rise gradually upward."

"All these strange dimensions are liable to make a player unused to such conditions go completely awry with his timing and in his reading of the pace and flight of the ball. It takes the newcomer about a set and a half to adjust and by then, it's simply too late. That explains why there are so few upsets on Centre Court. Peter Doochan would never have been able to put out Becker at Wimbledon this year if they'd been playing on Centre Court."

AT RAMAT HASHARON there were three Wimbledon winners, spanning a period of more than 50 years — Perry himself, a three-time winner in the mid-Thirties, Dick Savitt, a winner in 1951, and Jimmy Connors, a winner in 1974 and 1982. All three played very different types of tennis.

Perry has also seen numerous champions, both before and after he himself won. Who would he say was

the best of all? What style of play was most likely to produce a champion?

"It's impossible to compare champions of different periods. And it's not a question of one style or another being the best. Every era produces its own champion, with his own style. Being the champion is not a matter of having a better technique — it's having that something extra, that undefinable quality of greatness. So in one era, you have McEnroe with serve and volley, before that Bjorn Borg with a heavily hit top-spin, hit in a special way of his own."

"A whole generation of Swedes, inspired by Borg, tried to copy him. They used top-spin but it was ordinary top-spin, their top-spin, not Borg's top-spin. So, too, with imitators of McEnroe's serve-and-volley game."

Israelis — and, for that matter, the English and Americans — are long to produce a world-beater. Suppose, we suggested, that somebody came and said, "Here's a million dollars, Fred. Find a kid and turn him into a champion. What would you do? How would you set about it?"

"The first thing I'd do would be to look for a good mover. That covers a multitude of sins. Then, of course, he'd need to have good ball sense. But above all, for a couple of months, I'd let him be. I'd give him a racket and balls and tell him to go to play as much tennis as he liked, but to keep a diary."

"After three months, I'd look at the diary. If it showed that he'd played a couple of hours one day and a couple more three days later, and that he'd waited for somebody to arrange games for him, I'd drop him. But if he'd managed to play or practise some hours every day — maybe against a wall if he couldn't get an opponent or a court — I'd take him up."

"The first thing I'd do would be to let him find which grip he liked best. Then I'd sense what he had made of his own favourite stroke and build up his game around it. Tennis is the individualist game par excellence. There is simply no such thing as two identical players. All those Swedes who try to imitate Borg — the closest they could get is the long hair. That stroke would be part of him, something he could execute perfectly in his sleep. Budge's was the backhand — feed him there and he'd gobble it up. Me, just put it on my forehead for a drive and you'd made my day."

Would he say that the ITC is going to produce such a champion? "Perhaps. Why not? They are doing a wonderful job, just giving thousands of kids rackets and balls and facilities to play. Of course, there's a great possibility that one of them is going to have that extra something I talked about. It's a magnificent concept, giving so many kids tennis for nothing. A lot depends on the coaches."

"I'd like to see the coaches teaching the kids proper behaviour. In my day, we had the team captain to instil discipline and to teach players how to behave, like I had Leslie Godfree. Nowadays, the authority of captains has been completely undermined and there's nobody to take over — the liberation of the players through the introduction of the open system and television has had this disadvantage, there's no real control over them, the TV likes them to misbehave, it's more dramatic."

"At the ITC, it's different. I'd like to see the coaches teaching the kids how to behave, on and off the court. The coaches hold the key."

REBECCA WEST'S LIFE "is the story of 20th-century women," writes her biographer Victoria Glendinning. Although Mary McCarthy was born 20 years later than West, when the century was already in its 13th year, the American writer could — though one feels she wouldn't — make the same claim for her own life.

Tough-minded, talented, literary, convivial, and claiming no special privileges as women, both made their way out of the closet. Shutting the door tightly behind them, they claimed all the 20th-century's freedoms and, just as eagerly, tried to shoulder their share of its responsibilities.

That said, there is a world of difference, not to speak of the great Atlantic divide, between the two as women and as writers, and it is sharply reflected in these two books. What most divides them can be summed up as good humour.

McCarthy is almost profligate in generosity of spirit and humour, perhaps especially so in adversity. West, on the evidence of this biography, lacked such qualities, though she had a sharp wit displayed all too often as a biting bitchiness passed on in fearful measure to her son, Anthony West.

Born as Cicely Fairfield, Rebecca West had a childhood marked by uncertainty and struggle. Her journalist-adventurer father walked out when Cicely, the youngest of his family of three daughters, was only eight. By the time she was 14, he was dead.

"I had a glorious father, I had no father at all," Dame Rebecca wrote in old age. Much of her life, including her disastrous affair with Anthony's father, H.G. Wells, a much briefer involvement with Max Aitken, the press baron Lord Beaverbrook, and lesser affairs with several others, was a vain pursuit after that father — to recapture, perhaps to punish.

In 1930, when she was 38, she married the ponderous, pedantic and none-too-successful banker

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER often spoke of writing her autobiography, and claimed to have amassed piles of notes for it. It is probably better that she never started that project because she was incapable of what Philippe Lejeune called "the autobiographical pact" — the promise of at least trying to tell the truth.

Porter was, at least when it came to the details of her life, a notorious liar. To the realities of her life she added a record of a distinguished set of ancestors, and an ancestral home complete with a well-stocked library, and staffed by devoted retainers. She suppressed her age, her baptismal name, her real origins as the daughter of a poor dirt-farmer, and at least one of her husbands. Porter's life, at least as it was offered up for public consumption, became what she thought it should have been. And she was a first-class bitch.

An autobiography by Truman Capote would have been even more problematic, for the persona he created in the public eye by way of media and press interviews was as much a fiction as Holly Golightly, Dolly Talbo or any of the other eccentric characters who populate her stories. As he commented to Gloria Steinem, "I invented myself and then I invented a world to fit me."

That Flannery O'Connor never attempted her autobiography may be taken as a kindness, both for herself and her readers, for O'Connor, who always told the truth, de-

A redrafted life



The young Mary McCarthy and (right) Rebecca West.

REBECCA WEST: A Life By Victoria Glendinning. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 288 pp. £14.95.

HOW I GREW By Mary McCarthy. New York, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 278 pp. \$16.95.

Dvora Getzler

Henry Andrews, whom she and her friends called the Elk, and who could — and frequently did — recite the timetables and connections of Europe's major railways. It was not the sell-out on her feminism that it may seem at first sight, for West, by then a successful novelist and a sought-after and well-paid journalist and critic, certainly subsidized that strange union.

But it surely was a sell-out, though also a fulfilment, of another sort.

And it highlighted one of the many contradictions in her life and work.

THE YOUNG REBECCA — who adopted the name of the heroine of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* in 1912 when she was writing with great punch and panache for a feminist paper — started out a fervent and persuasive socialist. Andrews housed her in a large London flat with "pink-grey walls, brocade curtains, gilt wall lights... a butler." They also had a country home. In short, her marriage gave her that much-gloried-in entry to England's established upper classes, which she had always sought, even while laughing it out of court. By middle-age, though not until after World War Two, she had moved, via a strident anti-communism, away from "these silly doctrinaires" in the Labour Party.

Equally ironically she, who had nudged Wells to break up his own strangely satisfactory marriage,

found that Andrews was soon and repeatedly unfaithful to her. And she cared about that deeply, if discreetly.

Her feminism, too, underwent modification. It had taken an early and painful beating at the hands of Wells. And if Glendinning tends to slur over West's willfulness and the horrendous scenes that she made, she puts into perspective Wells' often callous behaviour to the foolishly courageous young woman who, painfully alone and capable of a self-destructive self-deception, was far out of her depth in the affair.

Shunted off by Wells to wait out her pregnancy in the country and then to bring up the child — who for years knew her coyly as Auntie Panther and Wells equally coyly as Uncle Jaguar or Wellsie — West had her bluff well and truly called. Glendinning, however, does not add to our understanding of whether West knew she was bluffing.

Some clue to that may lie in what West wrote decades later of Yugoslavia in her *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*. Here, on the eve of World War Two and besotted by what she perceived as the romantic Serbs, she found "a world where men are still men and women still women," a startling statement that has even Glendinning raising a querying and apologetic eyebrow.

Temperamentally, West seems to have been quite unsuited to motherhood, and particularly unmarried motherhood. Work and her own development always came first. The breach came when Anthony was a young man. His biography of his father, *H.G. Wells — Aspects of a Life*, an essential if vicious gloss on Glendinning's life of his mother, wreaked a terrible vengeance on her.

West, Glendinning admits, "drafted and redrafted the material of her life until she was on her deathbed," and worked much of her often mendacious perception of it into her novels. She cunningly appointed two biographers, with Glendinning — who has cornered the market on lives of England's 20th-

century literary women — to produce the "popular life."

Afficionados of West's somewhat florid style will find little literary analysis here — which, in the light of Glendinning's *Vita*, is a pity. What they will find is an honest attempt to come to terms with a difficult, colourful and often talented woman whose life in sum conveys all the maddening sadness of much promise and, success aside, all too little fulfilment.

MCCARTHY's reminiscences are a quite different, far happier story, though her childhood was infinitely more fearful than West's. This book skips those horrors and takes up the tale during McCarthy's feisty and sexually precocious teenage years on to her inevitably mistaken first marriage.

Although there is little factually new here to readers of *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* and *The Group*, this is a witty, perceptive and intellectual autobiography. It sheds a fresh light on the influences brought to bear on the author by her Protestant grandfather and her Jewish grandmother; the small-town intelligentsia and literati to whom she hitched her youthful star and who were all too interested in hitching her young skirts; her contemporaries at school and Vassar and, finally, her teachers — women come to maturity in a more stifling age. They gave the sensitive, romantic, daring and vulnerable young woman a generous send-off into her new world.

McCarthy is challengingly honest throughout. She copes with teenage sex and God (she is still a confirmed atheist); with her hatred of anti-Semitism and her youthful ambivalence at being partly Jewish and therefore different; with the conflict between her egalitarianism and her romantic longings for grandeur. Laughing the hardest at her own pretensions, but scorning all fake "keeping up," McCarthy has truly kept up with her lively, unique self, and generously shared it with us. One's regret is that the story ends so early. More, please.

was not so concerned with what her public thought of her as with what she wanted to think of herself. Thus, where Capote was playing a game, Porter was telling lies.

Throughout, her interviewers seem to assume that she was telling the truth, and the wild stories she invented about herself become apparent only as one reads from interview to interview.

As a subject Porter was cooperative — garrulous, uninhibited, and seemingly basking in attention. She enjoyed nothing better than to confirm her sense of having amounted to something. She loved showing off her jewels, gowns and treasures and the elegant homes she created with the earnings from *Ship of Fools* and *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*.

Despite her foibles, she was a delight to listen to. Who else could have remarked "I have no hidden marriages. I may, however, have a few that escaped my mind," or "any man who ever did me wrong got back far more than he gave."

OF THE TRIO, Flannery O'Connor proves the straightest arrow. Although her books are set in a particular time and place, her fiction embodied and revealed universal ideas, and these interviews add to one's understanding.

Despite her short life and prolonged illness, she was interviewed many times but never felt comfortable on the public stage. She was anxious about interviews, and they are invariably characterized by

terse, careful and thoughtful replies that exhibit over the years a remarkable consistency and coherence. Interviewers were often thrown off by her manner of replying to direct questions with laconic, obvious and short (but always polite) responses. Despite this, interviewers consistently described her as friendly, polite and candid.

Even though O'Connor proves the least of a self-created character of this trio, her own aphorisms are worthy of note. On the relationship between wealth and literature, she commented: "If you want to write well and live well at the same time, you better arrange to inherit money." On her method of writing and her style of living: "I write every day for at least two hours, and I spend the rest of my time largely in the society of ducks."

When it comes to outspoken opinions and aphorisms, however, it is Capote who rises to the level of Oscar Wilde. Capote describes Ernest Hemingway as "the greatest old closet queen to ever come down the pike... truly one of the dishonest people." On Gore Vidal: "I really enjoy him, but neither of us would ever dare say anything nice about the other's work." On sex: "To me sex is like sneezing: if you sneeze six times in a row, it's as good as an orgasm." And on life: "I just assume everything is going to turn out for the worst and if it doesn't that's just so much gravy." And on himself: "...somewhere between six and eight sneezes."

Peregrinating & Perambulating



"Whenever I feel like exercising," said Chauncey Depew, a tubby U.S. senator of yore, "I lie down until the feeling goes away." Not so Bruno Heck. The 71-year-old former German government minister felt like visiting Jerusalem, so he sprang to his feet and took a 70-day stroll through Europe before hopping a boat to Israel.

Treading pavement to the Holy Land is a time-honoured tradition among those with as much soul as sole. As pilgrimages go, it's one heck of a way to see the sites, but Bruno Heck has an ulterior motive: "It helps me think." He was accompanied on his transcontinental trek by his wife and two of his children, wending their way amongst us silly laggards in motorized vehicles, driving, for goodness sake, to get from here to there. The Heck family may have taken a little longer to reach the gates of Jerusalem, but they'll never know the inside of an Egged bus, the charm of an Israeli cabbie, or the price of a tank of gas. As anyone who has ever toured Israel can tell you, that's quite a feat.

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Latest paperbacks

Recent mass-market bestsellers to arrive in the bookstores include a posthumous Hemingway novel and, cashing in on the author's current TV success, advice on childrearing by father-of-five Bill Cosby.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN by Ernest Hemingway (Grafton, £2.95), published a quarter of a century after his death, is a bizarre and erotic study of a writer, David Bourne, who is vacationing in Spain and hoping to start work on a new novel that will live up to the stunning success of his first. Catherine, his bride of a few months, is unable to cope with the isolation and involves David in a ménage à trois with another woman. The role-swapping and transvestism, it has been claimed, are autobiographical and shed a new light on Hemingway's famed macho image.

FATHERHOOD by Bill Cosby (Bantam, £2.50) takes the reader through all the trials and tribulations, the risks and rewards and, of course, the joys of having and raising children. Written with humour and a considerable amount of wisdom, Cosby's book reminds potential parents, parents and grandparents that, while there is no magical formula for bringing up a baby, some basic essentials are love, humour and - frequently overlooked - respect. With this guide on your shelf, you may just get through in one piece.

ECHOES IN THE DARKNESS by Joseph Wambaugh (Bantam, £2.95). Former Los Angeles police sergeant Wambaugh became a best-selling author with his thrillers based on LAPD procedure and after hours carousing. Now, he turns to non-fiction, tackling the "Main Line Murder Case," one of the longest homicide investigations in the annals of American crime. The setting is a quiet Eastern prep school where one of the teachers has been brutally murdered and two of her children abducted. The prime suspects are Bill Bradford, an erudite and rather enigmatic teacher with a reputation as a lady-killer - in the old-fashioned sense - and Dr. Smith, the somewhat spooky school principal. While it took seven long years to

Jaye Schachter

bring the perpetrators to justice, it will take the average reader only a few hours to unravel the mystery - because the book is impossible to put down.

PERFUME by Patrick Susskind (Pocket Books, £2.95). This first novel has enjoyed an international success comparable to Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose*. Highly literate, perfectly crafted and enormously readable, *Perfume* is a murder mystery set in the 18th century, during the Age of Reason. Rich in historical detail and ingenious in its development of a spine-chilling plot, Susskind's novel centres around an evil genius, Grenouille, whose olfactory sense is the key to the whole gruesome tale. Read it and things will never smell the same again.

WINDMILLS OF THE GODS by Sidney Sheldon (Fontana, £2.95). Start with a sexy and smart heroine, add some international intrigue peppered with a few behind closed doors trysts and, last but not least, make sure that the good triumphs over the evil forces arrayed against it and you have a sure-fire Sydney Sheldon bestseller. *Windmills of the Gods* is in his best page-turning tradition with the addition of a few surprising twists in the plot which concerns a beautiful wife and mother from Kansas who is also a brilliant scholar. Appointed U.S. ambassador to Romania, she is thrust abruptly into a web of intrigue and an extremely dangerous East-West confrontation.

FLIGHT OF THE INTRUDER by Stephen Coonts (Pocket Books, £3.95) is yet another story of the Vietnam War. Yet this first novel is gripping and realistic precisely because it parallels the author's own experience as a naval aviator in Nam. Jake Grafton, the hero, flies A-6 intruder attack planes, like Coonts himself, in bombing raids over North Vietnam despite rumours of an impending peace treaty. Numbly by too much slaughter, embittered because their targets are seemingly unimportant, Grafton fi-

nally breaks down when his best friend is hit by ground fire. Coonts has written a very readable novel and a very compassionate one.

REGRETS ONLY by Sally Quinn (Ballantine, \$4.95). Quinn, who many Americans will remember as the bright, beautiful blonde reporter for the *Washington Post*, was catapulted to fame when she became co-anchor of the CBS Morning News programme. Unable to live up to all the hype, she was quickly canned, an experience which left her so bitter that she told all in a book entitled *We're Going to Make You a Star*. In due time, however, she married the *Washington Post's* editor, Ben Bradlee, and was in position to give readers of her new novel an insider's glimpse of the Washington merry-go-round. The very basic plot involves a reporter for a major Washington daily, who bears a strong resemblance to the author, and becomes involved with the married bureau chief of a national news magazine. He, in turn, is having an affair with the wife of the Vice-President of the U.S. Unfortunately, Quinn's plot is thin, the dialogue is banal, character development is weak and the promised insider gossip is minimal.

PRIVATE SCORES by Anne Tolstoi Wallach (Pocket Books, \$3.95) describes the struggle of a divorced mother to secure a decent future for her child by getting her a place at the prestigious Boston School for Girls. Unfortunately, her daughter does not live up to her expectations and Cornelia has to cope with the pain and anguish that this realization brings. Her later struggle to achieve these goals is gripping but Wallach introduces an unnecessary side-plot with many twists and turns. In trying to please every type of reader she obscures what she does best - raising important questions about what we want for, and from, our children.

THE GOLDEN CUP by Belva Plain (Fontana, £3.50) is another saga from the author of *Evergreen* and the scene is once again turn-of-the-century New York, picking up where her previous blockbuster left off. A well-to-do family not only has to contend with the turbulent times but with a headstrong daughter who spurns their choice of a marriage partner in favour of a scientist who is bent on saving the world.

a first royal highness. A few of these girls found that it was no compensation to be covered in jewels if you were virtually locked up in *purdah*, waiting for a hubby who was either busy with matters of state or with numerous nautch-girls.

Jewel in the crown

THEY DECIMATED India's tigers and deflowered countless numbers of virgins. The miserly Nizam of Hyderabad was the richest man in the world. Other Indian princes (together they owned and ruled two-fifths of India) could carpet several polo fields with their jewels. A few could barely rub two rupees together but they were the exceptions. When the British left, the princes were forced to accept compensation for their fiefdoms or an annual privy purse. The smart ones took the compensation. When Mrs. Gandhi took over, she stopped the privy purses too, and when several gutsy royal ladies joined the political opposition, the dreadful Indira trumped up currency charges against them and flung them into rat-infested jails, but she did not break their spirit.

India's princely rulers were a varied lot. Muslims ruling Hindus, Sikhs ruling both, Hindus ruling mixed bags. Some of the most enlightened and helpful to their citizens were village children - but of

the right caste - selected to ascend a throne left vacant by failure to produce a male heir. Some village girls also became, at 13 or so, the wives and mothers of multi-millionaires.

THE BRITISH and the Maharajahs took turns at scoring off each other. Most of the princes admired things British (several were fine cricketers and one was possibly the greatest batsman of all time) but they were wealthy enough to despise their white "neighbours." Several even turned their backs to King George V at the great Durbar. Others raised troops for Britain and a few won decorations for valour in the field. Not a few also married British and Australian girls, sometimes only after producing a fully Indian heir by

IN 1521, AN edict of the aptly-named Diet of Worms, (if you'll just hang on for a bit, you'll see why it's so appropriate) called for the arrest of Martin Luther who promptly holed up in the castle of his patron, the Elector Frederick III of Saxony. Luther's *broiages* with the church had begun with his denunciation of abuses in the dispensation of indulgences - which reduced the time you'd have to spend in the "spiritual fires" of Purgatory - so it was jolly decent of Old Fred to put him up, especially when you consider that he himself was in the *Guinness Book of Records* class when it came to coping a plea with the Vatican's D.A.

Frederick collected bits and pieces of saints wherever he could find them - and damn the expense - then displayed them in churches throughout his realm.

By the time Luther arrived on his doorstep, he had amassed the astonishing total of 19,013 holy relics, thus giving rise to the saying "one man in his time plays with many parts." In so doing, he'd had almost two million years knocked off the time he'd have to spend in Purgatory which, you have to admit, is an even better deal than the one the Jewish underground got from President Herzog.

THE ELECTOR'S International Piece Conference was, in its way, as gruesome as Wordsworth's "Bartholomew's Fair". All out-of-the-way, far-fetched, perverted things. All freaks of nature, all Promethean thoughts.

Of man, his dulthness, madness and their feats (feats?) All jumbled up together, to compose A Parliament of Monsters...

If you passed, as I did, a misspent youth and are more familiar with the output of Universal Studios than that of the Lakeland poet, an apter comparison might be with Dr. Frank N. Stein's Body Shop where, as you may remember, ill-assorted remains were blanket-stitched together to produce a monster with a face worse than death. It was pure chance, come to think of it, that the mad scientist didn't harness the elements to create a Harry Truman Capote, atom-bombing Tiffany's, for example, or a Christopher Robin Hood who robbed the rich to give to the Poor.

THE RELIQUARY gallery in Madrid's Convento de la Encarnacion, with its 1,500 assorted bits and pieces of saints, is hardly in the same class as the Elector Frederick's collection but 1,500 is still a hell of a lot of spare parts. I was left with a distinctly uneasy feeling about a phrase used to employ to describe looking modestly ahead into the middle distance - "custody of the eye."

In the Royal Chapel, not far away, is a far jollier relic than these pathetic fragments and phials of liquefying blood. St. Felix, a rather undersized Roman martyr wrapped in an oversized version of Noel Coward's silk dressing-gown, occupies a lighted niche in the high altar and looks for all the world as if he's just having a lie down at his psychiatrist's.

He's certainly in much better nick than the Queen-Regent, Maria Christina, whose corpse has lain unburied "for political reasons" since 1902 in what is inelegantly called the rotting chamber at the Escorial.

THERE'S A great deal of difference, you see, between your saint and your common-or-garden Queen Regent. You don't have to have read that 1959 bestseller about can-

Odour of sanctity

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

onization, *The Devil's Advocate* by Morris West, to know that one of the proofs of sainthood is that Rigor Morris doesn't stink, nor does the body become part of the diet of worms.

Holy Moses! Have a look! Amanda McKittrick Ros, Ireland's Worst Poet, wrote after a visit to Westminster Abbey but, of course burial there is reserved for old sinners, "revised and edited," rather than hallowed remains. In the centre of the nave of Seville's cathedral, for example, there is an enormous silver urn that contains, according to the *Michelin* guide, "the incorrupt body of King Ferdinand the Saint." What the guide neglects to point out, however, is that the terrifying gloomy cavern somehow makes any normal Jewish visitor feel as if the Holy Inquisition is not only breathing down his neck but already oiling the thumbscrews and playing with the matches.

Quoth the Maven, "Nevermore," and got the hell out of there to face the more familiar terrors of the bag-snatchers and pickpockets who infest the Barrio de Santa Cruz.

SINCE THEY ARE incorrupt, saintly relics suffer none of the problems of intimate hygiene immodestly discussed in the ads. In fact, far from requiring the occasional dab or squirt of deodorant, they actually emit - as did the body of St. Stephen when Lucian exhumed him in 415 - a "smell of sweet perfume..." such as no one has ever known" and those who were present imagined that it was the scent of the Garden of Eden.

If space allowed, I could write a long decompensation on this aspect of holy relics alone. It would be remiss of me, however, if I were to move on to another topic without mentioning the case of St. Giovanni Columbini, who founded the mendicant order of the Gesuati in the 14th century and gave me an unexpected angle on the *Quattrocento*.

"Giovanni Columbini's chamber pot emitted a fragrant odour when he died," Prof. Donald Weinstein and Prof. Rudolf M. Bell reported in their 1983 study, *Saints and Society*. "Attracted by its fragrance and believing that it would work wonders, a young woman took some of the pot's contents to apply to her facial disfigurement, whereupon the fragrance disappeared and was replaced by a normal odour." The pong, I understand, was to discourage the use of a sacred relic for merely cosmetic purposes.

This combination of the fragrant and the spiritual - or rather the spectral - also crops up in a celebrated passage in John Aubrey's (1696) *Miscellanies* about the Apparition not far from Cirencester which "disappeared with a curious Perfume and a most melodious Twang," and it was a permanent state of affairs during the Thirties in what was grandly called the High-town Central Synagogue.

This Manchester *shitebel* was a haven of comfort to its threadbare congregation during the Slump for not only did it offer spiritual consolation but it was also delightfully warm during the winters which, in memory at least, were always bleak. The heating system was primitive but effective. The ground floor of the building was a stable that housed a score or so of street-hawkers' ho-

IN LORETO, on Italy's Adriatic coast, the faithful visit the house where the Virgin was born and where the miracle of the Annunciation took place. I know you thought it was in Nazareth but, apparently, it was carried bodily by angels in the 13th century to a spot near Fiume and moved again a year later, still intact and undamaged, to a wood near Recanati (no relation). Three years elapsed and then the angels shifted it to its present site.

If you find that difficult to swallow, I have to add that Walsingham Abbey, in England, was erected over a copy of the Virgin's house, and moreover, this was made "under her supervision." *The Canterbury Tales* offer some explanation for this confusing state of affairs. The Pardoner, you may remember, had in his trunk "a pillow-case," which he asserted was *Our Lady's veil*.

There's nothing really remarkable about it. In our time, Victor "The Count" Lustig, one of the world's great flim-flam men, sold the Eiffel Tower for scrap twice in the same year and we've all been conned at least once every four years since the elections to the First Knesset.

IT IS NOT too difficult to appreciate the intense emotion the truly devout feel in the presence of sacred relics. Even the undoubtedly secular items in the beautiful little Shalom Aleichem museum in Tel Aviv can evoke strong emotion. It is a terribly touching display: the writer's spectacles, his watch, his pen and a dozen other articles that he handled every day make him seem a less remote figure, so close in fact that the visitor may be moved to tears.

"Once, on this earth, once on this familiar spot of ground," wrote G.M. Trevelyan, trying to describe how the most prosaic details of history become poetic as they recede into the past, "walked other men and women, as actual as we are today, thinking their own thoughts, swayed by their own passions but, swayed after another, gone as utterly as we ourselves shall shortly be gone like a ghost at cock crow."

NOW, QUITE apart from letting the moth get at old Vladimir Ilyich, in my opinion the Kremlin made a serious error of judgment in digging up the remains of the saints. Ideologies may deal with the faceless "masses" or the *Lumpenproletariat* but there is ample evidence to confirm that the working class is composed of individuals, most of whom find the desecration of human remains abhorrent.

I have in mind an old song which is far more familiar to the British working class than *The Red Flag* or *The Internationale* ever were. I'm grateful to Leslie Waldman, of Netanyahu, for a version that seems more definitive than the one I know. It's certainly filthier so a lot of paraphrasing is in order so as to avoid a rash of asterisks:

*They're shifting father's grave to build a sewer,
They're doing the job regardless of expense.
They're shifting his remains
To lay down ten-inch drains
To titivate some rich toff's residence...*

What's the use of having a religion and thinking when you're dead your troubles cease, the bereaved asks. Undeafened, he rallies and comforts himself with the thought that his old man will haunt the toff's WC seat, inducing terminal constipation...

*...they'll get what they deserve
For having the bleeding nerve
To bugger about with a British workman's grave.*

es, ponies and donkeys. Along with the animal warmth rising through the cracks and gaps in the worn floor-boards of the *shul* was wafted the not unpleasant smell of hay and horse manure which, mixed with the fragrance given off by the brittle, brown paper of old prayer-books, is still for me the true, the unforgettable odour of sanctity.

YVES ST. LAURENT'S perfume *Opium* is not quite what Karl Marx had in mind when he wrote his famous *Zitat* in the introduction to *Kritik der Hegelschen Rechtsphilosophie*, but his spiritual heirs, the Bolsheviks, not only believed that "religion is the opium of the people" but set about proving it to the soldiers, workers and peasants with whom they - theoretically, at least - shared power. By the time Malcolm Muggeridge was covering the Moscow beat in the early Thirties, he could visit an Anti-God Museum housed, of course, in a former church.

Pride of place was given to a number of well-ripened saints just to prove to the people that they do in fact "decay and stink when they die," just like anyone else.

True enough, there wasn't a perfumed patella or a scented scapula in the lot but, just across Red Square, the same people would queue for long hours to venerate the embalmed remains of V.I. Lenin. There was even, as once I learned from an ITV programme about Russian immigrants, a song bit in the Yiddish theatre called *Tateh Lenin set gebehist*.

Father Lenin, however, didn't appear to be particularly blessed for I seem to remember that a few years ago bits started falling off him and he was temporarily removed for a rumoured nose-job.

SOME SECULAR relics, unfortunately, provoke laughter not tears and there is even a category which produces a bewildering mixture of both. I'm thinking of the Ejercito museum in Madrid, not far from the Prado. On the ground floor is a long hall in which a line of ancient cars stand bumper to bumper. Each one featured in a political assassination; some are holed by bullets, other have torn, stained upholstery and a few are grotesquely misshapen by the force of explosive charges. As I gazed at them in wonderment, a distant thud announced that the car of a high-court judge - or, rather, a sky-high court judge - had just qualified for the collection.

If you are not a patriotic Pakistani it must be difficult to keep a straight face in the presence of a number of items connected with Mohammed Ali Jinnah which, according to the catalogue of Karachi's National Museum, "have acquired a special reverence." Apart from the Qaid-i-Azam's "favourite sofa," the collection includes his two-tone "co-respondent" shoes, Eric Newby had a similar experience in Benares when he visited the shrine of the Naga Baba, he relates in *Slowly Down the Ganges*. Among other intimate objects connected with the late guru that are still worshipped by his followers was a pathetic pair of socks.

I looked in vain for any mention of the Naga Baba in a recent book, *Relics and Shrines* by David Sox. ☐

Oh, watana

CALEB'S COLUMN

N.D.Gross

WE USED TO tease more ignorant school-fellows by asking them to sing to the tune of "God Save the Queen." (then, before Thatcher, it was "save the King") the first line of the Thai national anthem, which we told them ran, "Oh, watana Siam."

I was reminded of this on reading a dispatch in *The Times* the other day from their man in Bangkok, to the effect that a prominent politician, Veera Musikapong, had been jailed for six years for having slandered the king and the crown prince. He is said to have declared that, were he to be born again, he would want to be a member of the royal family. The prosecution argued successfully that this implied the royal princes led easy lives.

Mr. Musikapong (the name might suggest the reason the players leave the stage during Haydn's "Farewell" symphony) is to appeal to the Supreme Court but, as Thai judges - like most of the cabinet and the parliament - are appointed by the monarch himself, he is unlikely to see the outside world for quite a while.

The sentence seems a bit tough. After all, while it may be true that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," a coronet hasn't the same weight, physically or metaphorically. If every tadpole dreams of becoming a prince, why shouldn't a politician?

When the Knesset was having trouble choosing a generally acceptable successor to President Navon, a colleague asked, in jest, whether I would consider accepting the post. My instant reaction was that the children would love it.

I HAVE KNOWN only one king personally. Moshe Eilat was the self-proclaimed but popularly-acclaimed King of Falafel in the Jerusalem of the Fifties and Sixties. He achieved prominence a little later through his paintings, contemptuously referred to by the professional critics as primitive, perhaps because they showed *Israel* as all we common folk saw it, *reshit geulatenu*, the beginning, of the redemption.

As provider of sustenance to the hungry poor of the city, he acted with royal munificence. He would have been highly flattered had anyone expressed a desire to have been accounted among his sons. But as far as I recall, he had them running around serving, balling the chick-peas and washing dishes.

But of course King Rama IX is a real king, not one of flesh and blood. And even among kings he is something special. The Thai royal house even has its own language, devised especially so that its members' tongues and ears not be sullied by possibly indecent implications of the vocabulary of the common people.

For the past hundred years or so, since, in fact, the days of Anna and the king, Siam, as Thailand was called until 1939, has played with democratization, but not too successfully, if you consider the *Times* report.

Israel has in the past extended farming aid to the Thai people. Pity they haven't learned to set reasonable limits to *lese majeste*. A little respect for authority is fine, and perhaps we could do with some, but, Oh, watana are thy judges, Siam. ☐

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